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Thoroughbreds

By Salvator

Out-To-Sea Photo Reawakens Cherished Memories Of Salvator's Childhood

Last week's issue of The Chronicle gave me a "real thrill"—something in these dismal days to be thankful for, especially as it was a thrill of pleasure and not of horror, as is the usual thing.

Page thirteen was anything but an unlucky number, as it featured little Miss Dilys Williams, age thirteen, winner of the Horsemanship Club Trophy for Juniors at Montreal; her mount being Miss Josette LaCaille's Out-To-Sea.

A more charming presentment of such a pair could not be imagined. The photographer has caught the youthful equestrienne in a perfect pose as she sits so smartly in the saddle and there is something very appealing in her slim little figure, confident yet alert in every line.

As for her mount, the caption describes him as a Thoroughbred; but as there is no text accompanying, of his breeding nothing is given. I have not found him in the Stud Book, which, however, in its last volume (XVII) gives no foals of later date than 1937; and the racing calendars of later seasons do not show him as having been upon the turf. It is to be assumed, therefore, that he has been foaled subsequent to the date mentioned, has not been raced, hence his blood lines are not readily accessible.

Whatever they are, he is individually a credit to them—and in one respect, especially, may be pronounced a nonpareil.

I refer to his head.

Nothing more beautiful was ever bestowed by nature or heredity upon a Thoroughbred. It is, in fact, ravishingly lovely. One can only use such epithets in trying to describe it.

Small, but not exaggeratedly so, and shown in pure profile, its outline is of an exquisite contour. There is depth through the jowls, together with cleanness at the throatlatch. The facial line "dishes" just enough to indicate the Arab ancestry, the muzzle tapers down to finish in finely chiseled nostrils and lips. The ears are perfectly set and carried and of refined size and shape. The eye is expressive of unusual intelligence and good disposition, giving to the entire head a winning aspect. There is a small star in the forehead, which is wide, there is another fleck between the nostrils. All the cranial and other bony processes are ele-

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Edgewood Leads In California Hunter Trials

By Railbird

The sun smiled upon the Barbara Worth Stables in Sacramento, California, on January 21, and the second of the series of four Hunter Trials is now a thing of the past. Prof. C. E. Howell, head of the Veterinary Dept. of the University of California at Davis, was the judge, and though the damp footing prevented truly outstanding performances, there were still plenty of good goes, and as always, very much fun for riders and spectators.

The championships for the day were more than usually contested. Edgewood, owned by Ralph Taylor, and beautifully ridden by Nancy Diggs, was the champion horse, with 24 points. Reserve champion horse was a tie between Martha Mekeel's Mint and Betty-Jean Lassen's Windsor, with 21 points each. Mickey McLaughlin's Bombshell, with 18 points, was 3rd, Evelyn Leydecker's Charing Cross 4th with 15. Fifth place was a tie with 13 points between Eva Gene Dager's Sandy George and Jane Lovett's Our Gus.

Champion rider was also a tie between Martha Mekeel and Betty-Jean Lassen, each with 21 points. Reserve champion was Norma Burton of Alameda, with 19 points. Barbara Mull was in 3rd place, with Bobby Warren, Adrianna Hale, Pat Klein, Nina Warren, and Jed Boscoe all tied up for 4th and 5th.

First class of the day, seat and hands over jumps for children 12 years and under, saw Jed Boscoe on top, with Jo Ann Repose 2nd, Nina Warren 3rd, Barbara Mull 4th, and

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Activities Limited, Camden Retains Its Equine Atmosphere

While the Carolina Cup Races, The Camden Hunt, and Camden's two winter horse shows, are all awaiting the end of the war to resume their former activities, the winter of 1945, by no means, finds Camden, South Carolina without some of its equine atmosphere.

The Camden Hunt has managed to keep its drag lines in good order and under their guidance, larking parties are scheduled at frequent intervals. During the Christmas vacation these larks were particularly enjoyed by the younger generation, and as a fieldmaster is appointed each time to serve as leader, there

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Puritan Boy Is Champion Hunter At Pittsburgh

The 1st Pittsburgh Indoor Horse Show, held three evenings and two afternoons on January 18th, 19th and 20th was a huge success. With 130 horses exhibited by 70 different owners for more than \$3,000 awarded in the various divisions, competition was certain to be keen. Hunt Armory, Emerson & Walnut Streets, East End, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, where the show was held, was filled for every show and the hunter and jumper classes were splendid.

The champion hunter of the show was Puritan Boy, a chestnut gelding owned by the George Braun Stables of New Rochelle, New York. Recently acquired from R. D. Gillmor of New Haven, Connecticut, this typy middleweight made an almost clean sweep of all of his classes to gain this top honor. He was 1st in green hunters, middle and heavyweight, pairs, ladies' corinthian, with Jane Clapper up, and in the \$300 hunter stake. He was also 2nd in model, novice and hunter hack.

Puritan Boy was bred by Peach Bros., Upperville, Virginia and is by Flying Puritan—Anne Duvall, by Tom Tiger. Richard Peach, secretary of the Upperville Colt & Horse Show, raised the gelding and schooled him. He was not shown as a yearling but won as a 2-year-old. Mr. Gillmor purchased Puritan Boy as a 4-year-old.

Reserve honors went to Pittsburgher George Cherrington's bay

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Flicker Wins First In Schooling Show At Shaker Heights

By Margot Harris

The schooling shows at the Cavalry Riding Academy in Shaker Heights, Ohio, are experiencing their top season. An unusual number of horses has been brought in from Hunting Valley and this maintains a high type of competition.

On Sunday, January 21, was held the second of eight scheduled meetings. This year an innovation has been made by having an "open to all" open jump. This provides that a winner at any of the seven shows is ineligible to compete until the last day of the season. Since each Sunday brings new participants into the spotlight, it is impossible to forecast who the finalists will be. At the second show Mark Zettelmeyer, Jr.

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Canada Becoming More Interested In Steeplechasing

Racing Dates Are Allotted To 7 Tracks At Annual Meeting In Toronto

By Broadview

With the expectation that racing will continue in Canada, the Incorporated Canadian Racing Association, held its annual meeting last week at Toronto, Canada, and set up dates for the 98 days' racing at the 7 Ontario tracks under its jurisdiction. The Thorncliffe meetings will again be held at Woodbine Park and Long Branch's meetings at Dufferin Park.

An increasing amount of interest in steeplechasing has been displayed by Canadian sportsmen during the past few years and Col. K. R. Marshall, president of the Ontario Jockey Club, has made every effort to farther the cause. Two years ago he sent Dr. R. K. Hodgson to Virginia who returned with a number of schooled horses which were dispersed to a syndicate of sportsmen.

This past year as quality horses of any schooling had been so difficult to procure at any price, many Ontario sportsmen purchased young horses from 3 to 5 years which had been good winners on the flat, with the intention of schooling them to make steeplechasers and a chute was built at Woodbine park for the convenience of these owners. A number of these prospects took advantage of this arrangement and schooled all through the fall while others were schooled at their home establishments.

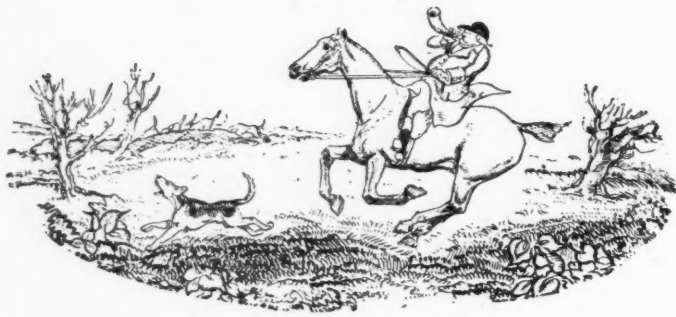
Some fifteen sportsmen have indicated their interest in steeplechasers and some of these men are still on the lookout for suitable horses. Considerable thought and attention as to type and breeding has been given to the selection of these new entries to the ranks of jumpers and these, together with the schooled horses which have previously raced here, bode well for steeplechasing for the ensuing year.

Gordon F. Perry has two very promising green ones in the black 6-year-old gelding Sun Town, by Hilltown, and a 5-year-old chestnut, Riskyman, by Riskulus. The Finch Farm has 5-year-old Flying Luck, by Flying Heels, which has taken to the jumping very well.

Jack Smallman of London is returning to the ranks of steeplechase owners with the handsome 6-year-old son of Worthmore, Worthwood.

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Hunting Notes:-



"They Were A Lovely Pack For Looks"

By A. Henry Higginson

Chapter Eight

William Smithwick lost no time. That same afternoon, on his way home, he stopped at Sir Clifford Pemberton's house, and finding the Chairman of the Hunt Committee at home he told him of his interview with Meredith and of the latter's expressed willingness to take on the Mastership of the Northwold Hunt if it was offered to him.

"That's grand," said the Baronet, "I'm delighted—I'll call a meeting of the Hunt Committee tomorrow and we'll take the matter in hand at once. There'll be no possible dissension—after all, the hounds are his property and in offering him the Mastership, we are carrying out the wish which our late Master expressed in the will which you drew up. Moreover, the arrangement should be a very satisfactory one for the Country—I think we're very lucky, for good Masters of Hounds aren't easy to find in these days. We'll put it through with as little delay as possible."

The Hunt Committee met on the following day, and when the matter was explained to them they passed a unanimous resolution that the Chairman should wait upon Meredith and offer him the Mastership formally, without delay.

"There's no use wasting time," said Lord Nevers in offering the resolution. "We've got to have someone in the Master's place, and who better could we find than this young man who has not only inherited the pack, but also the entire property of our late Master? It almost goes without saying that the position is his by inheritance, and it certainly strengthens our hand with the Country in general to be able to say that it was the wish of Sir Herbert Mason, to whom we all owe so much, that his successor be this nephew of his of whom he was so fond. I would suggest, Mr. Chairman, that a General Meeting be called for a week from today for the formal ratification of our action, and also in order that the hunting men of the Country—and the land-owners and tenant farmers as well—may meet the new Master after the business of the meeting is finished."

Lord Nevers' suggestion was carried by acclamation, and that afternoon, Sir Clifford called on Meredith and had a long talk with him.

"Everyone wants you, Jack," he said, "most of them seem to remember the days when you hunted here and I'm sure you'll find, when you come to the General Meeting on Monday, that there are a great many of your old friends there. The news that you have inherited your uncle's property and that you and Mrs. Meredith have decided to make your home

here seems to be known by everyone, and I think it was generally taken for granted that you would be the next Master. The Committee's action will come as no surprise, but of course these things must be done in an orthodox manner, and it would never do not to hold a General meeting. I can't tell you how relieved I am personally that it has all worked out so well. Have you had time to go to the kennels yet?"

"No," said Jack, "I haven't. I haven't even had time to talk with Fowler; but he's coming to see me this evening, and bringing his breeding books and lists of the puppies which have come in from walk, and I think we'll have things in proper order in a short time. I know Fowler well, of course. He's a good man,—a bit old-fashioned in some of his ideas—but he belongs to that fast vanishing group of Hunt servants who are as proud of their position in the Country, and as loyal to their Masters as a Prime Minister is to his King. I saw quite a good deal of Bob Westcott—you remember him, of course—when I was in America; and he told me how well the old traditions had been carried on in the 'Northesk' kennels. When I come to your meeting next week, I think I shall have something constructive to talk about."

Will Fowler came to see Meredith that evening. He hadn't seen the new master of 'Northesk House' for several years—not, in fact, since he had returned to England, but he had been told by his Uncle, Robert Westcott, who had preceded him as Huntsman, of his growing interest in hound breeding, and the rumour which had spread that he was to become the next Master of the Northwold Hounds, had already reached his ears. When Jack came into the library, which had always been Sir Herbert's sanctum, the Huntsman found him little changed—perhaps a bit more serious than the light-hearted boy who had come home after the War and pounded the Field over the biggest gate in the country. In those days he had been more of a horseman than a hound man; but Fowler had heard stories from his friends in the Blankshire Country—from Charles, the Blankshire Huntsman, in particular—that led him to believe that he was now as keenly interested in hound breeding and Hunt management, as he had been in the riding and "making" of horses. Meredith wasted no time in coming straight to the point.

"Sit down, Will," he said, "We've got a lot to talk over, and I want to preface my words to you by a request that, in answering various questions which may arise, you express your

opinions with absolute frankness—whether you agree with me or not. As far as I can find out, they want me to take over the Mastership here. Sir Clifford told me this afternoon that the Hunt Committee proposed to present my name at the General Meeting next week, and he also told me that he was sure that it was the general wish of the Country that I should accept the Mastership, in accordance with the wish which my Uncle expressed. I had felt, myself, that perhaps it would be better for the Country if they had chosen a more experienced man—after all, I know very little about kennel management—but Sir Clifford has pointed out to me that my experience in the hunting fields of America should prove very valuable—to say nothing of my two years' experience in the Blankshire Country, where I have been hunting since my return to England. To make a long story short, I have agreed to take on the Mastership, and I hope that you will be content to stay here with me for many years, and that we shall pull together in an effort to continue the good sport for which the Northwold has been so long famous. I don't intend to try to hunt hounds—at least not at first anyway—though I don't deny that to do so some day is my ultimate ambition; but, for the present, I want to work with you in the building up of a pack which will be second to none in the land, and which will continue to show sport to the Country. Can I count on your help?"

"Master," the Huntsman said,

"I always tried to serve the old Master to the best of my ability. I came here first as Puppy Boy, under Bob Westcott's older brother, Will, and I've never served other than a Master of the Northwold. Sir Herbert and I worked many years together, and I shall be proud and happy to serve you as best I can in the same way. They tell me that you've got some new ideas of breeding. I'm old-fashioned, Sir, and it may be that we shan't agree in some respects; but you're the Master, and as long as I'm in your employ, you can trust me to carry out your wishes and instructions in every way. I've brought my pedigree books up with me tonight—they've been down at the kennels for the last month—since Sir Herbert was taken ill, and I've brought a list of the Young Entry that has come in from walk, and of the whelps that we have got down at the kennels. Perhaps you would like to look them over. We've

Continued on Page Six

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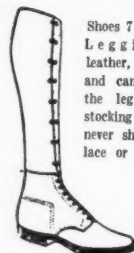
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This has been a rather inauspicious season, what with the hurricane in September, a half one in November, the worse draught in fourteen years, a siege of running fits, seven couple of young entries, and the enforced absence of our huntsman-master officiating at Rockingham except for Sundays. Indeed the master once remarked to his hunt secretary during this spell that he felt this was the least fox-wise pack of hounds he had hunted in his twenty-two years of carrying the horn.

Early in December the situation changed almost overnight, and since then we have been having our accustomed brand of sport. I feel sure that our huntsman would most certainly retract his statement as to his hounds as surely no pack could find, hunt and act for their foxes more handsomely than have our own 13½ couple in recent days. It is a fine example of what patience will do in developing a young pack of hounds when possessed by a real huntsman.

Sunday, December 24, 1944

Just light covering of snow on ground. Going very good. Thermometer 28 degrees and rising. 13½ couple, met at kennels and after drawing Kennels Woods blank, hounds opened with a fine burst of music through Bettencourt's Woods and came driving over Bettencourt's as though really meaning business.

On the main road our fox-hunting friends, Messrs. Thorley and O'Connor were waving their hats and pointing. Hounds drove right over the road but behind Thorley and O'Connor. "A fine fox just crossed right here," said they when we came up. "They're wrong, they're wrong! He just crossed this wheat! See his tracks?"

Hounds paying not the slightest attention had now driven across the road and were making the Condez Woods really ring. "Wrong, eh?" says our huntsman, "did either of you happen to look back?" Messrs. Thorley and O'Connor admitted they hadn't. Hounds were really settled to their work now and swung south through Gifford's and then old Cummings' farm, then setting their course to the east, recrossed the main road and ran over Quansett where the "well known blanket" would have covered the 13½ couple, on through the Kennel Woods, over

Nye's, Boyden's, Scott's, Perry's, Motha's to Slaughter's, where they swung south and ran to Barney's Joy.

There we had our first check, the point being about five miles since leaving the Cumming's farm. Our huntsman held hounds gently forward along the dunes with here and there a hound speaking to the line but unable to run it. A "halloa" from the Camp Hill proclaimed that our fox had been viewed and worse luck, was heading sharp back. This was serious as he had doubled back along the beach where no hounds can hunt in the soft sand.

Again our huntsman held hounds on but to no avail. After some 10 minutes, he turned to his joint master, Mr. Bayard Tuckerman, Jr., and said, "It looks like a pretty forlorn hope, but there is only one place I can figure this fox can have got to, and I am going to try that point." No sooner had he said this than hounds had their heads down and were driving best past around the point.

Turning to his whip, Miss Anne Vogels, our huntsman said, "gallop to that high dune there and you should get a view from the beach." No sooner said than done, and the minute she reached the summit, her shrill "tally ho" was heard and her whip pointed the way our quarry went.

Now for some fun! The beach is some two miles in length, and straight as a die our fox ran, pausing just once to look back and then with a flick of his tag going best pace with hounds a quarter mile behind and seemingly neither fox nor hounds gaining an inch. On coming to a rocky promontory it was interesting to see this fox run right to the water's edge so that with each surge of the surf his scent would be obliterated. Even more interesting was it to watch hounds hunt this line with wonderful cry although they at times were up to their bellies with the surge of the breakers. On we went, scent just burning.

Leaving the beach behind, our pilot headed inland, crossed the shooting pond on ice, over Barney's Joy, Carl Sylvia's, crossed Porridge Pond and on through Sousa's to the Peaked Hill ledge where hounds marked him to ground after one hour and forty-five minutes.

Perhaps the best performance of the day was on the part of Audrey Almy, aged eight, who after buying a bit of property coming out of the Quansett orchard, and therefore be-

ing left well, and it was thought safely behind, managed to get herself and her pony Chester across about six miles of strongly fenced country and arrived with a grin from ear to ear as we swung through Downs's just before putting our fox to ground.

Among those out besides the Hunt Staff were Mrs. William Almy, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. David Vogels, Miss Diana Weeks, Dr. Bonney, Master Randolph Weeks, etc.

Wednesday, December 27, 1944

Dull gray day. Ground like iron. Thermometer 11 degrees at eight o'clock, but by noon it was 24 degrees and not a breath of wind—a real fox hunter's day!

"Cumming's Gate at one," said the master, "and wear warm clothes, it looks cold." And cold it was for the little band of six of the faithful who showed up at the meet, and colder still as Cumming's was drawn blank and the same for Joe Child's.

On casting them into the Fisher Swamp, however, hounds seemed to show increased interest and were soon trailing a cold line with first one hound and then another speaking; then suddenly a grand burst of music told us our fox was up and away. Across Sequeira's 20 acre potato field (where two years ago our good friend, Tobias, harvested 450 bushels to the acre to lead all Bristol County farmers) hounds had tough going. Hounds being left alone, worked it slowly out, and crossing the South Westport Road were into the schoolhouse covert with great cry. "Get to the cross road if you can," said our huntsman, to his whip. Off she went.

In a minute or two her "tallyho" told us we were really off. A big light colored fox, this one. We view-

ed him the length of the Rel's Pasture, as hounds came flying out of covert to the sound of horn and voice. Getting well together, hounds ran hard to the Pardon Gifford farm, where they turned West, and recrossing the South Westport Road just below the "Golden Robin" turned South checking for a minute in Matt Sylvia's where their fox was coursed by a cur dog. Then on through Little Sunswick to Sweeney's, where our huntsman with his whip in close attendance viewed a fresh fox in Sweeney's Lane with "Trusty" not ten feet behind him.

Continued on Page Six

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		*Queen of Jest	Black Jester Princess Dorrie

Rokeby Jake, a very fast colt, won at Pimlico spring of 1943, but soon thereafter a leg injury forced his retirement. Good appearance, winning speed and pedigree all point to success for him in the stud. The pedigree above shows the male line of speed and stud success. Rokeby Jake's dam, Float, is a daughter of Man o' War and dam of stakes winner Mandingham and other good winners. Both second and third dams are stakes winners and dams of stakes winners.

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Editorials

THE SPORT IN RACING

Trainers and horses are slowly but surely being moved toward their home plants where they will await the signal to return to the major tracks. Relief has been extended to those horsemen who were stranded at the tracks and it would seem that racing is taking care of its own.

After years of buying the daily newspapers and opening to the sports pages to see what the latest news is from the horse world, these pages are now sadly lacking any such news and proclaim just the latest indoor swimming events, hockey, what is being done in the baseball world, etc. Only the strictly horse publications have not forgotten the Thoroughbred and bring their readers up to date with the happenings of the day or week.

Even the news about racing in Havana was off as a strike went into effect for higher purses but now that has been straightened out and some space can be given to the outstanding entries and results from there as well as Mexico.

No immediate lifting of the racing ban is seen and time passes with hopeful trainers keeping their horses in light training just in case . . . Many people have expressed their views about the situation, some for the continuing of racing and some against. In the states many opinions are offered pro and con and from overseas, the mail is beginning to contain remarks about the ban. Some of the men over there feel that the tracks should be allowed to continue and others feel that perhaps it is a good idea to stop them until the problem of ending the war is settled. Every man to his own opinion.

Plans are being submitted to the National Association of State Racing Commissioners whereby racing could be resumed. These plans are carefully thought out and sent in by men who know the racing world and no doubt their ideas will contribute greatly to the time when the ban is lifted. In the ideas advanced, contributing to the war effort and war charities and funds are the main themes. They set forth what racing can and is willing to do as its share.

Of course, when the Thoroughbreds again go to the post, the typewriters will burn as the write ups appear on the money bet, gas wasted, tires used, telephone lines used by bookies, and the thousand and one things which have been thrown at the racing game before and after the ban. Copy will flow right and left when the bugle is blown in the paddock, horses led out and jockeys mount. But take a look at what racing has contributed and how many of the charges made are slightly out of line.

Above all, remember that racing people took their set back in the true sportsmanlike manner.

Buy War Bonds

California Notes

By Selma Piazzzi

Bill Patton and Jimmie Black recently took over the management of the Piedmont Stables, now owned by the City of Oakland's Park Department. The former Piedmont Trail Club, a beautifully-built, substantial building with every convenience imaginable has been pronounced by many an out-of-town visitor as pretty a stable to be seen anywhere, west or east. With the facilities of the Park Department available and these good men to manage, it should revert to a top stable with its former prestige.

Ray Ferrario has long been toying with the desire to get into racing somehow and recently acquired a Seabiscuit filly out of a Gainesborough mare. Racing ban or no, Ray derives a great deal of pleasure in the admiration she provokes from the many people who come to see her.

Officers for 1945 of the Sacramento County Horsemen's Association include J. R. Deterding, President; Roland Federspell, Vice-President; Mrs. George Klumpp, Secretary; and Lee Sole, Treasurer. Serving on the Board of Directors will be Earl Crain, Fred Jones, Tex Welch, Hank Spencer, Andy Dellar, and Herb Richter. This is a very outstanding organization whose officers constantly strive for worthwhile measures. They publish a very readable monthly magazine, and hold many affairs throughout the year to draw its members closer together.

After two years, the Davis campus of the University of California will be open again for students on March 1st. In making this announcement, Dean C. B. Hutchison of the College of Agriculture says instruction will be given for the first term only in non-degree agriculture, or practical courses in the two-year curriculum. Just when the regular college degree work will be resumed, depends upon conditions, he declared.

In February 1943, the United States Army Signal Corps occupied the Davis campus and instruction in agriculture and other courses were abandoned there, although research was continued as usual. On October 31st last year, the Signal Corps had evacuated and it is now determined that practical training, particularly for returning soldiers, will start with the beginning of the Spring term. Any person, whether a high school graduate or over 18 years of age, may enroll.

Professor K. A. Ryerson, assistant dean of the College of Agriculture, who has been on leave to inaugurate food production programs in the Pacific islands, has returned to the campus and will direct activities there again.

Names well known in horse show circles in California who were one-time students at Davis include Janet O'Neil, Margaret Watt, Betsy Rosworth Mooser, Alec and Noni Wilson, Gregory Lougher, Lynn Morton, and Peter Lert.

The Arlington Hills Riding Club (El Cerrito) has been formed and is now a member of the California State Horsemen's Association. K. W. Curtiss is President. Members of the Board of Directors include A. Garnjost, Lynette Garnjost, Richard Hudnut, Robert Archer, Helen Capriola, Arthur Gore, and Violet Richardson Ward. The H. J. Capriolas who own and operate the Arlington Hills Stables have kept horse interest alive in the north Berkeley section with small gymkhanas and events of like nature, and can always be counted

ed upon to support any show with their good jumpers, Don L. and Clover Blossom.

Thirty-five representatives from various parts of Regional District No. 3 attended a California State Horsemen's Association meeting at San Jose on January 8, 1945. The meeting was called for the purpose of discussing proposals to be submitted to the Board of Directors meeting the latter part of the month.

George Cardinet, Jr., Regional Vice-President, presided over the meeting and opened with the reading of a letter from President Judge Jesse B. Carter, who was unable to attend. President Carter suggested that some thought be given to the submission of names to be appointed on a committee to draft rules for hunter trials; showing, racing, and judging of quarter horses; and for the completion of the proposed stallion law.

It was unanimously voted to recommend to the Board of Directors the list of names submitted by Selma Piazzzi at the request of Mr. Cardinet and urged that they be selected as the committee to draft rules for hunter trials. Many names were turned in as desirable committee members for quarter horse rules and the stallion law.

A map of the proposed statewide trails was exhibited and also a map of San Mateo County showing how a county can pick up the statewide trail at a given point, carry through its county, and terminate at an adjoining county, to be picked up by them. This map, complete in every way, is a splendid example of organization and activity. The entire county is laid out in trails with proper shelter at the end of each day's ride and all data in detail was given as to cost of construction and maintenance.

Thus far the California State Horsemen's Association has adopted rules for the showing and judging of Western classes. These rules will be referred to the California Board of Fairs and Exhibits at Sacramento so that they may be used in all fairs, rodeos, and exhibitions held in California.

Along with Bing Crosby, whose plea is most fervent, and a few million other people, the Navy doesn't want to be fenced in either. The Oak Knoll Naval Hospital (Oakland, California) which was, in peacetime, a country club, has found a need for more dormitories and more space and, at this writing, is building said dormitories on the ground formerly trod by all the good jumping horses stabled at Leona Stables and a number of others who hacked over from various barns in and around Oakland to have a try at a few solid jumps and a bit of galloping. The worm fence, the post and rail, the table jump, and the creek jump are fast disappearing. . . . As for what we'll jump come Spring, we wouldn't be knowing at this writing.

Whether it be propinquity to Leona Stables or what, the Navy tried an experiment that seems to be very successful—the purchase of five horses, saddles, bridles, et cetera. The horses are stabled at Leona for the use of convalescents at the hospital. Since one can find a sailor or two, most any hour of the day or evening, grooming a horse, clipping, feeding them carrots over the stall door, or having their pictures taken topside, it looks like the horse might be here to stay, so far as the Navy is concerned.

Irish Horse Notes

By Neil C. Collins

For the next four months the big-boned, stout-hearted hunter and the Thoroughbred jumper will have top billing on the Irish sporting scene.

When the flat racing season closed in November, the Irish National Hunt Steeplechase Association took over. It will conduct hurdle racing and steeplechasing under Irish Turf Club rules until April when the flat racing resumes.

Hunting, which started with cubbing in October, is now also in full swing in the Emerald Isles. Dates have been set for the ever-popular point to point meetings of the various hunt clubs throughout the country. These meets are of special interest to the small farmer who has a hunter or two for sale. Buyers come from many parts of the British Isles, and hunters are bought and sold at the drop of a hat.

Point to point meetings are run across country, and the jumps at many of these meets are as formidable as those of the Grand National, consequently the meets are popular.

On the hunting field huntsmen have polished up the hunting horns and the view-hallos and harkaways are ringing in sportsmen's ears. The cubs are taking to the runs like veterans, and horses have limbered up and are beginning to know the country. It takes a traded hunter quite a while to get the feel of his new surroundings. He is wary until he knows the type of jump he is called upon to take, and Ireland certainly has a diversity of obstacles from banks to double ditches, dykes, stone walls, hedges, streams and privet fences.

The ever cooperative Irish farmer who has taken his cattle to the stalls for the winter months has cleared all traces of wire from his lands, and has left the gates "on the swing" because he knows that the hunt will be coming his way. Perhaps Johnny, his son, is out there battling it out with the best of the neighboring gentry. Aye! He is on the back of the hunter that he has brushed and curried and cared for through (to him) the long summer months. His legs have itched all summer to get on his horse and have a good chase over the stone walls of Galway maybe, or the big drains and brooks of Meath or the stone-faced narrow banks of County Cork or the Duhallow, or to gallop hell for leather over the large open tracts of country one finds in Waterford, Limerick and Tipperary of the Golden Vale.

In Ireland when the hunt is on one sees crowds of spectators on every hill and hillock with hats and caps in their hands. They cheer and encourage the huntsmen and gallant huntswomen because the hunting field can be relied on to furnish many

unexpected thrills.

Every hunting season in Ireland brings more excitement to the Irish countryside than ever was seen since Owen Roe O'Neill of the sixteenth century paraded on his white charger at the battle of Benburb, or since King Brian Boru pranced his black stallion into the ranks of the beaten Danes, and they fled for their lives out of Ireland forever—away from Irish horsemen (because—the Lord between us and all harm—the likes of such daring horsemen you would not find anywhere else in the world).

With the close of the holiday season children on their shaggy ponies and boys and girls on their cobs are missing from the hunting scene. Schools and colleges have called them away from their favourite sport to the more serious phase of life-study. They have only had three weeks of a hunting season to enjoy, and they avail themselves of every opportunity to work their ponies and cobs overtime.

The older folks who found the going rather hard for the first few weeks of hunting have now got the stiffness out of their bones, and are taking their meals at table again instead of off the mantelpiece.

Usually in Irish hunts, the peak of enjoyment is rarely reached until well into the season when horses, dogs and riders are working in unison.

I am happy to report that such is the case in Ireland today. Foxes are very plentiful, scent is good and dogs are following well. It generally takes from six weeks to two months to get young hounds used to the coverts and runs.

Older dogs practically know from experience the runs foxes are going to take from covert to covert and this spells excellent hunting. It is nothing unusual in Ireland for a fox to give a two to three-hour run. A few weeks ago the Meath hounds drew a fox at 11 A. M. and at 1:30 P. M. hounds were still hunting without a break, and leading the huntsmen most of the time. Sometimes at the close of a hunt, huntsmen will find themselves twenty miles from the starting point, and twenty Irish miles is quite a distance. Dublin is the choicest of Metropolitan cities for hunt meets. Six packs of hounds operate within an hour's train ride from the city. Should you care for staghunting you can run out to Dunboyne in County Dublin on Tuesday or Saturday, and for a cap fee of \$5.00 you can hunt all day with the Ward Union Stag hounds. Nearby in County Meath you can chase the fox with the Ballymacad hounds. This renowned pack often hunt right over the border in Ulster. Nothing like a mere border can stop them

when the hunt is on.

Although Ulster boasts one of the two great packs of stag hounds in Ireland, the County Down Stag hounds, and most Ulster farmers are great hunt enthusiasts, yet Ulster does not possess a pack of fox hounds. There are, however, numerous packs of Harriers operating in the six counties. Other packs of fox hounds adjacent to Dublin are the Kildare, Louth, Meath, Westmeath and Carlow hounds. You can hunt all day with any of those packs and return to Dublin in the evening for dinner in any of the many fashionable restaurants, and you can then take in the Greyhound racing at Shelbourne Park that night.

Although there is much sadness in many Irish homes owing to the number of Irish boys killed fighting with the British Forces, yet war conditions have not diminished the Irishman's love of the chase. The mellow tones of the hunting horn still bring the dogs bounding out of the coverts to race away over the lovely green fields of Ireland after the fox, the hare or stag. Fleecy clouds are lying low on the horizon as if they had come down to view the hunt. A gentle southerly breeze is blowing

making the days ideal for scenting. Foxes are being viewed away in all parts of the country. A light hoar frost is on the hedgerows, and green fields are white with a downy rind. Horses are prancing, hounds are baying, foxes are on the alert and all Ireland is attuned to the hunt.



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***BAHRAM**

Fee \$2,500, No Return
(Book Full)

Br., 1932, by Blandford—Friar's Daughter, by Friar Marcus.

Unbeaten as a racehorse. Winner of the 2000 Guineas, Derby, St. Leger, etc. Six of *Bahram's first crop of eight foals were winners, including 5 stakes winners. Bura, a stakes winner, was from his second crop winners. His third crop produced eleven winners, including five stakes winners. From his fourth crop came the stakes winners Extravagance and Persion Gulf.

***CHRYSLER II**

Fee \$350, With Return

Br., 1931, by *Teddy—Quick Change, by Hurry On

Stakes winner in both England and France, winner of Salisbury Cup, Alexandria Handicap, Babraham Stakes, Durham Handicap, etc. *Chrysler II's first American crop raced as 2-year-olds this year and include the winners Ellis and East.

HEAD PLAY

Fee, \$350, With Return

Ch., 1930, by My Play—Red Head, by King Gorin

Winner of Preakness, Suburban Handicap, etc., and \$109,313 in stakes. Sire of 62 winning sons and daughters of 250 races, including the stakes winner Tola Rose (which set a new track record of 1.56 4/5 in beating Whirlaway, Swing and Sway, etc.). Through September 30, 1944, Head Play sired 38 winners of 86 races and approximately \$84,790.00 including 6 2-year-old winners of 17 races and approximately \$19,460.00.

***HYPERIONION**

Fee \$350, With Return

Ch., 1940, by Hyperion—*Penicuik II, by Buchan

Full brother to Pensive, winner of Kentucky Derby, Preakness, etc., and \$167,715 in stakes. *Hyperionion won at 2, also finished second in Saratoga Sales Stakes and third in Grand Union Hotel Stakes. He won at 4 and was unplaced only once at 3. His sire, Hyperion, led the English sire list 1940-41-42 and ranks high again this year. *Hyperionion presents an excellent outcross for mares of American bloodlines.

RAMILLIES

Fee \$350, With Return

B., 1939, by *Blenheim II—Risky, by Diadumenos

Ramillies was a first-class race horse. At 2 he finished second to Devil Diver in the Sanford Stakes and fourth to Some Chance in the Futurity. He possessed both speed and stamina. At 5 he won at all distances up to 1 1/4 miles; finished second to *Princequillo in the Merchants' and Citizens' Handicap, 1 3/16 miles, and fourth to First Fiddle in the Massachusetts Handicap.

All mares must be accompanied by a veterinarian's certificate showing freedom from contagious diseases, and all barren and maiden mares showing that they are free from infection and sound for breeding purposes.

Return is for one year providing mare proves barren

Return to be claimed by December 1, 1945

Season of 1945 Imp. RIVAL II

Bay, 1937

*Aethelstan	*Teddy	Ajax
	Dedicace	Rondeau
	Tom Pinch	Val Suzon
Riva Bella	Lady Shimmer	Disadvantage
		Hurry On
		Bellavista
		Bridge of Eran
		Shimmer

*RIVAL II is an exceptionally well-boned horse. Stands 16.1 1/2 hands, weight 1,420 lbs.

Nominal U. S. Remount fee. Excellent accommodations for mares.

Not responsible for accident or disease.

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CHERRY HILL FARM

FOREST T. TAYLOR

P. O. Box 93

STAUNTON, VA.

MR. NEWBOLD ELY'S HOUNDS

Ambler, R. D. I.
Pennsylvania.
Established 1929.
Recognized 1931.



Although our master is overseas, we are carrying on and having excellent sport.

December 16th was very cold with a light snow covering the ground. "Nat" Emery made his first appearance in the field mounted on a large Irish hunter, formerly owned by Honorary Whipper-in George Allen and now owned by Mr. Ely. We had both beginner's and fisherman's luck. Hounds soon found in the second covert and we had an excellent run but Mr. Emery came a cropper in a piece of swampy land when his hunter stepped in a large hole.

Hounds were at fault on Kistler's ridge, but then crossed the Shimersville Road into Bowen's Rocky Dell with tremendous cry. While the staff stayed up on the ridge so as to be on top, we heard Garter, a Welsh bitch, open up far down in the bottom. Slowly the hounds worked the line out the far side to the South, across the Sigmund dirt road. From here the pace quickened through Nelson's, Christman's, Emery's, into Pennebacker's large orchards. The hounds were at fault on the dirt road.

Sye and Deluxe soon hit it off and the pack with great volume went over the ridge towards Hereford. Our fox made a small circle on Adam Schultz's farm and started back over his old line which he held for about two miles. At Five Point School he turned west through Kinty Johnson's to the Harlem-Seisholtzville Road where he ran north through Haines orchard. It was now dark and hounds were stopped after a very interesting four hours. Baldy had an especially good day.

On December 20th we were not able to do much as it was a day following a 6" snowfall and there was a cold wind. We drew the home covert blank and were out a very short time.

December 23rd the ground was still covered with 6 inches of snow. For the first hour all coverts were blank, but back of Sigmund's, Deluxe dashed into Emery's pines drawing the pack with him. They had only run a short distance when the pack was split by two foxes, Deluxe and Nellie, Penn-Marydel hounds, carrying the one line and the rest of the pack the other.

Both foxes ran parallel through Emery's and then through Pennebacker's orchards to Schultz's Valley Farm. Here the lines were so crossed that the pack settled on one line coming back over the ridge to Five Point School, up Kinty Johnson's open fields, swinging left above Harlem, up to Mrs. Miller's. Here hounds were stopped as it was getting dark. Trace, another Penn-Marydel, was outstanding with Garbo, a first-season Welsh hound, continuing to lead the young entry and many of the older.

Lena was returned to the pack, after being away for picture taking, including photographs by Life Magazine and charity exhibitions. She is hunting very well considering she has been out of the pack so many times to help the National War Fund with her twenty-three puppies. The report for the last two months has been outstanding and we only wish that Commander Newbold Ely, our M. F. H. could have returned from overseas in time to enjoy some of it. —W. E. B.

Quansett

Continued from Page Three

Hounds had apparently changed foxes in the lower "Little Sunswick" covert. On over Sweeney's they went, checked near the back drive, and hounds almost got away from us as they hit it off way down by the river and simply flew up river over Little Sunswick and David Petty's where they swung east, crossed the South Westport Road at Small's Dairy, and then turned north over Small's, Mark Gifford's, T. Sylvia's, A. Lei's, Plat's to C. O. Wing's, about four mile point from Sweeney's but much more as hounds ran.

At Wing's hounds checked, and as it was fast getting dark and they had been running over two hours, hounds were stopped. Mrs. David Vogels and Mrs. Wm. Almy, Jr. both went exceptionally well in this run.

Sunday, December 31, 1944

Warm. Thawing. Going good. Thermometer 42 degrees. Scent good. Meet The Kennels 12:30. Drew W. A. Gifford's blank, then drew Boyden upper covert. When almost all the way through the covert, two couple suddenly stepped right onto a fox and were away like lightning over Riley's. Hounds being scattered all through Flei's large covert and the leading hounds getting away so very fast, we reached Manuel Sylvia's farm before hounds were all up and together, swinging south past Sylvia's barn hounds ran hard past the old Manchester place, and sinking the hill swung west over Motha's and Perry's through Perry's lower covert and on over Scott's, Boyden's, Nye's and into the Kennel Woods where they marked to ground near the lightning rock—45 minutes.

Being on this side of the county which was not originally intended, it was decided to draw the Fisher swamp which held such a good fox Wednesday. Hounds were hardly in covert before they started trailing, and in about five minutes the glad chorus told we were off.

Soon, however, we realized that this was to be a different kind of hunt than we had had, for on reaching the far end of the covert at Sousa's instead of breaking away as we all expected, this fox turned sharp back and then made two complete circles of the Fisher swamp finally turning south circling Joe Child's and then the Gifford's but never once breaking covert except for very short stretches.

We began to talk of grey foxes but never had one been known in this section of Massachusetts.

Hounds had been screaming at their fox with scent of the best for about an hour, and they now ran through the covert of the Cumming's Farm twisting, turning and circling but each circle seemed to be getting smaller and hounds had not checked once since they found. Finally after two short circles in Cumming's, hounds ran into and killed their fox near the old cemetery.

Sure enough it turned out to be a grey fox, the first ever killed in Bristol County to our knowledge. Hounds had done beautifully and all 12½ couple were up when they killed.

Among those out were: Bayard Tuckerman, Jr., M. F. H., Mrs. William Almy, Jr., Mrs. Cutler, Mr. and Mrs. Vogels, Miss Diana Weeks, Dr. Bonney, Mrs. Fernandez, Mrs. Weeks, Audrey Almy and the Masters Weeks. —"RANTER".

A Lovely Pack

Continued from Page Two

got a good Young Entry, and they're all over distemper. In fact, they've been at exercise now for the last three weeks."

Jack glanced over the neatly-written list which the Huntsman handed to him; but put the pedigree book aside, with the remark that he would study those over later in the evening. "I can't hurry over that sort of thing," he said, "I'm a great believer in the old Huntsman's advice that the surest key to success is to 'studdy the pedigrees'. You seem to have a nice Entry," he went on, "you've got 23 1-2 couple listed here—about half of them in red ink—what does that denote? The dog-hounds?"

"Yes, Sir," said the Huntsman, "I always put the doghounds down in red."

"What about your Puppy Show?" said Meredith, "When do you usually hold that? Had Sir Herbert made any arrangements about it?"

"No, Sir, he hadn't done nothing about it yet. You see, he hadn't been well for some time, Sir. Why—he hadn't been down to the kennels since early last month. We usually have our Puppy Show about this time, Sir, and I think—if I might suggest it—that, if it suits your convenience, we might hold it just as soon as possible."

"That can be done all right," said Meredith, "Tell me, Fowler, who would you like me to ask to judge the Entry?"

"Well, Sir," came the answer, "Parson Astley of the Radstock has usually been one of the Judges, and perhaps that American Master, Mr.

Lincoln, who, they tell me, was at Peterborough the other day, might help; and if you'd like a professional in with 'em, Sir, what about Bob Westcott? I think it would please him very much, Sir, if you asked him."

"Fine," said Meredith, "I think we can arrange that; though I tell you now, Will, there'll be a lot of difference of opinions, and a lot of discussion over the awards; for I know Mr. Lincoln is all for quality, and the Parson holds with the old 'square box' type. I wouldn't be in Westcott's shoes for anything. He'll have to be a sort of balance-wheel."

Continued on Page Nineteen

1945
Montpelier
STALLIONS

ANNAPOLIS

Br. h., 1926

by Man o'War—Panoply

Private Contract

BATTLESHIP

Ch. h., 1927

by Man o'War—*Quarantine

Fee: \$600

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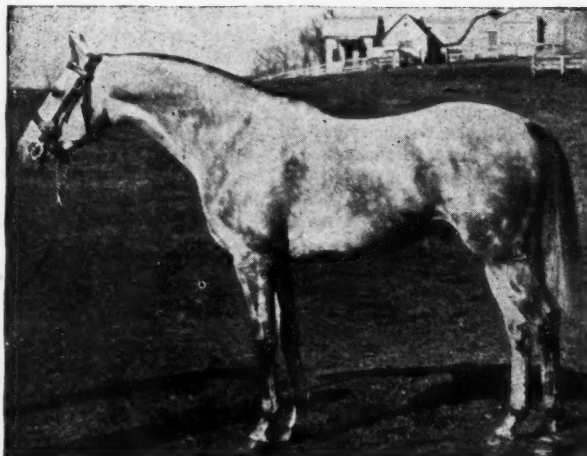
Wm. J. Lucas

Montpelier Station, Virginia

Standing at Meander Farm

1945 SEASON

THELLUSSON



Gallant Fox.....	*Sir Gallahad III.....	*Teddy Plucky Liege
THELLUSSON.....	Marguerite.....	Celt
Roan, 1936		*Fairy Ray
	*Tetra Lass.....	Tetratema.....
		The Tetrarch
		Scotch Gift
	White Folly.....	Swynford
		White Lie

THELLUSSON'S first crop were 2-year-olds of 1944. The only one to start is NEAT AND TIDY, winner of 4 races and twice 2nd in 10 outings through October.

THELLUSSON started 24 times, winning 4 and twice 2nd.

His sire, GALLANT FOX was out of the money only once in 17 outings at 2 and 3 years old. He won 11 races and \$328,165, including the Kentucky Derby, Belmont, Preakness, etc. GALLANT FOX has been 4th on the list of American sires in two seasons.

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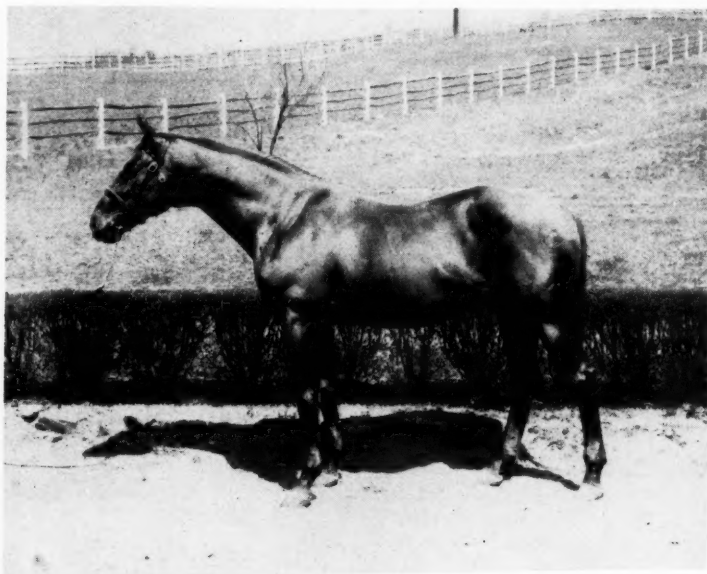
FRONT ROYAL REMOUNT DEPOT STALLIONS



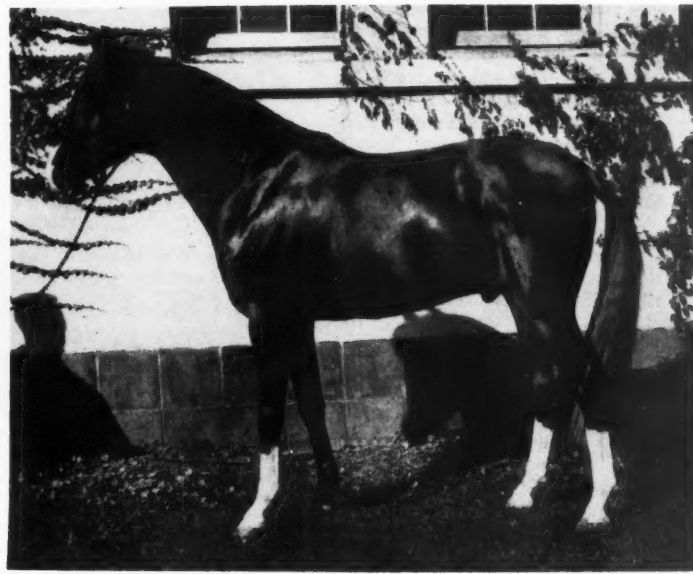
One of the Remount stallions at the Front Royal Remount Depot, Front Royal, Virginia, which has been assigned. **CHILLY BEAU**, b., 1939, by **CHILHOWEE—BEAU'S GAL**, will go to McDonogh School, McDonogh, Maryland.



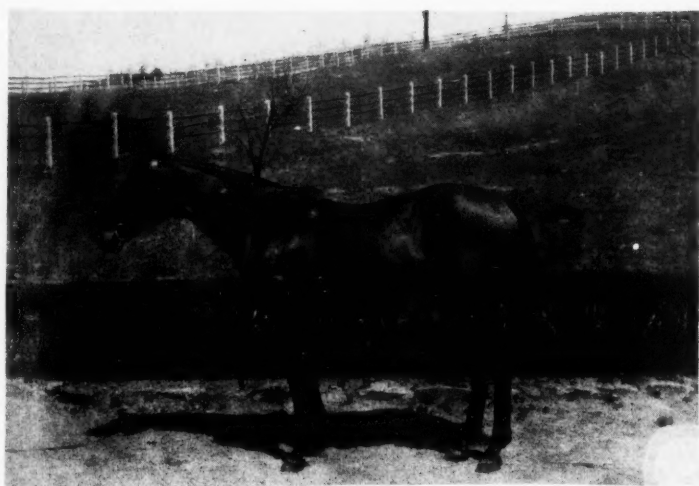
To Sydney Glass, West Chester, Pennsylvania, will go **KOODOO** ch., 1930, by **COURT DAY—MAYANEL**, by **LUCULLITE**.



***CHERRY KING**, ch., 1923, by **SUNSTAR—MAID OF KENT**, by **PERSIMMON**, will make the season at W. D. McMillan's, Ithaca, New York.



ECOU, 7-year-old stallion of mixed Arabian strain, came from Casablanca.



ST. BRIDEAUX, b., 1928, by ***ST. GERMAN—PANACHE**, by **BROOMSTICK**, is not on the list to be assigned as he will stand at the Front Royal Remount Depot.



PETER HASTINGS, b., 1925, by **PETER PAN—NETTIE HASTINGS**, by **HASTINGS**, is still awaiting assignment.

LIEUTENANT GENERAL GEORGE PATTON

(Photo Courtesy Harry Worcester Smith)



One of our greatest sportsmen now riding a true line in the European theater of war is Lieutenant General George S. Patton, Jr. The above picture was taken in the Cobbler Hunt country when he was Master in 1932-33. He was also Joint-Master with Mrs. Patton during 1933-1935.

CANADIAN AWARD AT A. H. S. A. MEETING

(ABC News Pics)



Supremacy in one of the most coveted classes of horse show competition, the three-gaited saddle class, was captured by the noted Canadian hotelman-horseman, Vernon G. Cardy, seen above receiving the official award from Adrian Van Sinderen, president, A. H. S. A. annual meeting. Although Mr. Cardy is most famed for his hunter and open jumping victories, his mare REINE DES COEURS captured some 23 1st places in saddle class competition in 1944 to win the premier award of the season.

Notes From Great Britain

By J. Fairfax-Blakeborough

Mildew Believed Beaten By Foul Play In Running Of Derby In 1850

Not for long has there been any bloodstock at the once famous Easby Abbey Stud, near Richmond (Gowes). The property was purchased by the Jaques family in 1816 for £46,000, and in 1942 the late Mr. R. M. Jaques took over and continued his father's stud and racing interests.

This in answer to a correspondent, who also asks for information regarding Mildew and the immense stake Mr. Jaques stood to win on him for the Derby. Mildew was bred by Mr. Jaques and was trained at Richmond to win the Gimcrack Stakes and Sapling Stakes at York. For the Derby the owner of the Easby Abbey stud backed Mildew to win his £175,000. Capt. J. Bastard had a half share in the cold, for which, partnership he paid £1500. It is recorded that he declined the offer of Voltigeur as a yearling at 100gs in favour of Mildew, and had the mortification of seeing Lord Zetland's Voltigeur beat Mildew in the 1850 Derby, for which the latter ran fifth only. A contemporary writer stated: "Mildew had been very highly tried, and his defeat was looked upon as impossible. Whether the trial "settled" him, or whether there was any foul play is a disputed point. Capt. Bastard inclined to the latter belief, and when a fortnight later Mildew won the Queen's Vase at Ascot in a canter, his belief became a certainty. The horse in the Derby ran so very badly it was seen at once it could not be true."

According to "Reminiscences of Easby Abbey Stud", Mr. Jaques bought Capt. Bastard's share of Mildew after the Derby. The horse taken out of training the following year and stood at Easby Abbey from 1852 to 1857, but had only a few mares of his owner's, so Mr. Jaques sold him to a friend for £20. The latter passed him on at a loss to Mr. Wright, a well-known Richmond Turfite and breeder, who used him for a couple of seasons and then leased him to the Rawcliffe Stud at York.

It was Mr. R. M. Jaques who in 1843 pulled York Races out of a desperate state which threatened the destruction of the ancient meeting. It was probably he who originated the Gimcrack Stakes and the year following the first of these event on Knavesmire, he was presented with a candelabra inscribed:

"Presented to R. M. Jaques Esq., by the citizens of York and the gentlemen of the neighbourhood, as a mark of respect for his services in support of York Races, February 1847."

I wonder if this massive piece of silver is still at Easby Abbey?

Mr. R. W. Colling ("Bob" to his intimates—and others!), has been bedfast with a chill he contracted whilst out shooting. He's always been keen on shooting, and, in his days in Yorks, was just about as good a shot as he was a horseman across the Bedale, Hurworth or any other country—and that's saying a good deal, for he was bad to catch.

For some years he and that good amateur rider and successful trainer of jumpers, the late R. I. Robson,

rented a shoot and, in more recent time, "Bob" has come back north as one of a Syndicate (which included Tom Walls), to shoot grouse on a famous Yorks moor. R. W. Colling must be fast qualifying to rank with Mr. George Lambton, Mr. Bob Armstrong (to whom Colling was apprenticed) and Mr. John McGuigan as the doyens amongst trainers.

"Bob" Colling was born in 1872, and commenced to train at Spigot Lodge, Middleham, in 1899. From there he migrated to Newmarket. Mr. Lambton was born in 1860, and his riding career came to an end in 1892 as the result of a bad fall at Sandown Park. He set up as a trainer that year. Armstrong was born in 1865, and, as he started to train (whilst still holding a jockey's license) when he was eighteen, he is easily the oldest man in the profession today, if not in actual age in length of service.

R. W. Colling's first winning ride was Mortaigne at Gosforth Park in 1889, and a pretty sensation there was later on in connection with the identity of the winner. The Harrisons, who then had the Aislabie Stud (afterwards moved to Stetchworth), near Ripon, bred two yearlings—Mortaigne, by Roseberry and D'Orsay, by Beau Brummell. Both were bays with similar markings, but Mortaigne had a scar on a hind fetlock, the result of an accident when a foal. Capt. Machell bought both of these animals privately after they had failed to reach their reserve at Doncaster Sales. Somehow there was confusion and D'Orsay ran as Mortaigne, whilst Mortaigne won races as D'Orsay. On the horse described as Mortaigne, Colling also won races at Beverley, Bull, and Raydock Park. One day when the late Mr. R. Harrison was at Newmarket, he recognised Mortaigne in Jewitt's string, but was told it was D'Orsay. He looked for the tell-tale scar, found it, and, on informing Capt. Machell of the error that had been made the Capt. straightway laid the whole facts before the Jockey Club, who allowed the names to be changed without disqualifying the animals for the races they had won. Ten years prior to this there had been a much more historic sensation when Bend Or was alleged to be Tadcaster.

Bomb Colling married a daughter of that good jockey Robert I'Anson, one of a family so long connected with training at Malton with the Blink Bonney Stud there, and with the control of practically all the race meetings in the north in the days when the kindly Miles I'Anson was THE clerk of the course between Doncaster and the top of Scotland inclusive, Carlisle and Ayr excepted.

Trainers' Difficulties

I have recently spent a day or two with some well-known trainers. One of them amused me by saying, "I've never had a day with hounds this season, I can't get cartridges to shoot, I see no old friends, I never get away from home, I'm frustrated at every turn with what I want to do with the horses in my yard, and I feel so much a prisoner that I'd welcome even the bad old Sundays I got to so much "hate".

I asked him what he meant by "bad old Sundays", and he explained that some of his owners invariably chose that day during the summer months to motor over with friends to see their horses. Instead of the Sabbath being a day of rest after a hard week's clashing about and worry at race meetings it became one of the busiest days in the yard and in the house. "My wife never knew to half-a-dozen how many there'd be to lunch, and in-

stead of me having a morning at my desk with accumulated correspondence, and a quiet afternoon in my easy chair, I had to entertain a lot of people, some of whom knew nothing about horses and were as wise when they went away as when they came".

Another trainer said he'd never worked so hard in his life as during the past year, adding that he wouldn't have been asked to do so much if he'd been "doing time". "What with farming, riding out, stable and office work, and Government forms, I've been doing three men's jobs". He went on, "They can say what they like about the future shortage of jockeys and that it is the duty of trainers to give more time and attention to teaching apprentices. Neither trainers nor their head lads now have the time for this, and running a stable with a lot of little boys takes a lot of doing and is no joy ride. They're as cunning as a cart-load of monkeys and take just as much watching. I've heard it said that John Osborne preferred to apprentice hard-bitten guttersnipes from the slums of Manchester because they could look after themselves, but in future I'll take none except lads from decent homes, and for choice, those who have done a bit of hunting, or have been amongst horses. It's true some of the latter often have to unlearn a lot and expect to be riding in gallops after they've been five minutes with a trainer, and it's true too, that their fathers write after a couple of months to know why their boys aren't riding winners in races. It takes a lot of money, patience, influence and time to make a good apprentice jockey, and only one per cent—if that—are worth the time

and money".

Altogether, I found that all the trainers with whom I stayed and talked, were inclined to be disgruntled, and all agreed that despite recent statements that most courses could be got ready in quick time for the resumption of racing, two important points have been missed—to wit:—if there is not transport for the crowds there'll be no money for stakes, and if horses cannot be got to distant meetings there'll not be sufficient runners to make racing worth while—nothing but a succession of odds-on favourites. No one can yet visualise how transport will be affected for some time after peace is declared (especially if rolling stock goes to the Continent to assist in an invasion), or when the petrol supply will be sufficient to allow the

Continued on Page Eighteen

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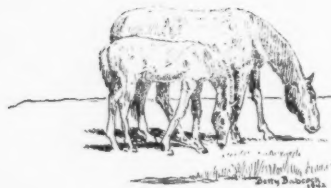
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VIRGINIA

Horsemen's News-



22 Thoroughbreds Are Listed In News Poll

Early in 1944 The T. R. A. asked fifty sports writers, located in 29 different states, to select from a list of 50 names the 20 Thoroughbreds they considered "news" as of that day. Ties in the voting resulted in 22 horses being included in the subsequently published booklet "22 Favorite Thoroughbreds" now something of a collector's item in turf literature.

It would be interesting to see which of the fifty horses would be elected to an Equine Hall of Fame if the poll were on merit rather than current news value.

In the "news value" poll there was no attempt to "rate" the 22 Favorite Thoroughbreds but the votes received, never before made public, may be interesting. Here is the list:

Man o'War	40
Whirlaway	39
Alsab	38
Count Fleet	38
Seabiscuit	38
War Admiral	33
Equipose	31
Exterminator	29
Market Wise	27
Gallant Fox	26
Shut Out	26
Twenty Grand	25
*Blenheim II	24
Cavalcade	21
Omaha	20
Reigh Count	19
*Phar Lap	19
Discovery	19
Sun Beau	18
Blue Larkspur	18
Chalcedon	18
Regret	18

Runners-up to the 22 named above were: Johnstown, 16 votes; *Bull Dog, 14; Bimelech, 14; Sir Barton, 12; John P. Grier and *Sir Gallahad 3rd, 10.

Predicts Lifting Of Racing Ban Soon

William B. Kyne, general manager of the gigantic Bay Meadows race track, predicts that the ban against horse racing will be lifted in the near future if track owners agree to go "all out" for war charities.

Kyne himself is going ahead with plans for reopening the Bay Meadows plant in March for a full spring season—on the assumption that the ban will be lifted when the war news is favorable.

Charles S. Howard, too, anticipates that the ban on racing may be lifted or modified by spring and has advised his trainers to keep up condition of six Seabiscuit colts for the Kentucky Derby. Howard presumably refers to *Sea Sovereign*, *Sea Swallow*, *Bismark Sea*, and *Mediterranean*, trained by Bud Stotler; *Phantom Sea*, trained by Hurst Philpot; and *General's Aide*, trained by Buster Millerick.

George Walsh, whose colt, *Man O'Glory*, is nominated for the Preakness, said he would probably nominate him for the Derby.

Pittsburgh Show

Continued From Page One

gelding, *Big Mike*, which won the model, novice and hunter hack, was 2nd in working hunters, ladies', and corinthian. He was 3rd in green hunters and middle and heavyweight hunters.

There was no outside course but each hunter and jumper class was shown over 8 jumps in the ring. The horses went exceptionally well in all classes and it really kept Judge Stanley Greene of Leesburg, Virginia busy when there had to be jump-offs. The jumps were rather close together which made the horses move right along.

Puritan Boy and *Big Mike* began the show in the model class and it was a close decision, with the blue going to *Big Mike*. They were closely matched throughout the show and along with other horses, gave outstanding performances.

Susie's Mark, owned by the Shady Valley Farm of Greensburg, was 3rd in the model with 4th ribbon going to Mrs. C. Snowden Richard's *June Holiday*. Landstip took 3rd in the novice class over George Braun's *Highlander*. Second to *Puritan Boy* in the green hunter class was *Red Tiger*, a chestnut gelding, owned by Lt. W. C. Robinson, Jr. of Sewickley and capably ridden by Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt III. Mrs. Richards and *June Holiday* gave a perfect performance to win lightweight hunters. Second was Jane Flaccus on her well known *Senate Page*.

Second in the middle and heavyweight class was *Captain Kidd*, owned by W. C. Robinson and ridden by Mrs. Roosevelt. Showing for the first time in three years and first indoors, this typy grey gelding made a clean exhibition. Fourth was the Braun Stables' *Happy Creek*. *Captain Kidd* came back to win working hunters and *June Holiday* was 3rd over Monte Sweep, also owned by Mr. Cherrington.

Braun's *Highlander*, ridden by Jane Clapper, was 3rd in hunter hack over Mrs. Ralph Taylor on *Susie's Mark*. In the ladies', it was Miss Clapper 1st and 4th with *Puritan Boy* and *Highlander*, while Miss Flaccus took 2nd on *Big Mike* and Mrs. Roosevelt 3rd with *Red Tiger*. This latter class had 12 clean performances for the judge to look over for the awards.

The \$300 hunter stake on Saturday night had a field of 20 horses and there were many good performances. Second to the winner *Puritan Boy*, was Shady Valley Farm's *Landstip*, 3rd to *Red Tiger* and 4th to *Captain Kidd*.

Goodman Feinberg's *Fencer* was 3rd in the corinthian with Evelyn Thompson up, over Mrs. Roosevelt and *Captain Kidd*. Braun Stables won the pair class with *Puritan Boy* and *Hasty Creek*. Sewickley Hunt won the hunt teams, the only ones in scarlet, over the Braun entry, and this was a very colorful class with 7 teams entered.

In the jumper division, it was B. A. Blumberger's *Golden Locket* as champion over *Tiny Tim*, owned by Sterling Smith of Ravenna, Ohio. In the first high jump class, *Golden Locket* went to 6'-2" to outjump

Blarney Castle, entered by Goodman Feinberg, and *Why Worry*, the Braun entry. Sterling Smith's popular *Happy Landing* won the touch and out over Evelyn Thompson on *Scattercash*.

A newcomer to the local ring took the knock-down-and-out and this was James Fuller on his black gelding, *Black Rock*. *Why Worry* was 2nd over *Tiny Tim* and *Golden Locket*. *Blarney Castle* won the skyscraper over *Golden Locket* and the triple bar over the Y-4 Ranch's *Lady Katherine*, which had previously won the Olympic class. *Golden Locket* again won the 2nd high jump event and on to the jumper stake, it was Bill Hammond on *Tiny Tim*, Everett Hensley on *Golden Locket*, *The Raven*, 3rd, and *Dixie*, owned by Louise E. Genovese, 4th.

Children's championship, hunter seat, was won by Raymond Beach, whose father was formerly of Warrenton, Virginia. He now manages the horses of George Cherrington and rode the reserve hunter champion of this show, *Big Mike*. Reserve honors in this division went to Edward Fisher.

The entire net proceeds of the show were donated to Hill City, a youth municipality devoted to the prevention of juvenile delinquency.

With such a successful show behind them, it is reported that the committee hopes to hold another show in about two months.

Summaries

Thursday Evening, January 18

Model hunters—1. *Big Mike*, George H. Cherrington; 2. *Puritan Boy*, George Braun Stables; 3. *Susie Mark*, Shady Valley Farm; 4. *June Holiday*, Mrs. C. Snowden Richards.

Novice hunters—1. *Big Mike*, George H. Cherrington; 2. *Puritan Boy*, George Braun Stables; 3. *Landstip*, Shady Valley Farm.

Open jumpers—1. *Happy Landing*, Sterling Smith; 2. *Golden Locket*, B. A. Blumberger; 3. *Tiny Tim*, Sterling Smith; 4. *Why Worry*, George Braun Stables.

High jump—1. *Golden Locket*, B. A. Blumberger; 2. *Why Worry*, George Braun Stables.

Friday Afternoon, January 19
Green hunters—1. *Puritan Boy*, George Braun Stables; 2. *Red Tiger*, Lt. W. C. Robinson, Jr.; 3. *Big Mike*, George H. Cherrington; 4. *Landstip*, Shady Valley Farm.

Lightweight hunters—1. *June Holiday*, Mrs. C. Snowden Richards; 2. *Senate Page*, Jane Louise Flaccus; 3. *Black Rock*, James Fuller; 4. *Mystic Dawn*, Susie Hays.

Middle and heavyweight hunters—1. *Puritan Boy*, George Braun Stables; 2. *Captain Kidd*, W. C. Robinson; 3. *Big Mike*, George H. Cherrington; 4. *Happy Creek*, George Braun Stables.

Touch and out—1. *Happy Landing*, Sterling Smith; 2. *Scattercash*, Evelyn Thompson; 3. *Dixie*, Louis E. Genovese; 4. *Golden Locket*, B. A. Blumberger.

Working hunters—1. *Captain Kidd*, W. C. Robinson; 2. *Big Mike*, George H. Cherrington; 3. *June Holiday*, Mrs. C. Snowden Richards; 4. *Monte Sweep*, George H. Cherrington.

Knock-down-and-out—1. *Black Rock*, James Fuller; 2. *Why Worry*, George Braun Stables; 3. *Tiny Tim*, Sterling Smith; 4. *Golden Locket*, B. A. Blumberger.

Hunter hacks—1. *Big Mike*, George H. Cherrington; 2. *Puritan Boy*, George Braun Stables; 3. *Highlander*, George Braun Stables; 4. *Susie Mark*, Shady Valley Farm.

Skyscraper—1. *Blarney Castle*, Goodman Feinberg; 2. *Golden Locket*, B. A. Blumberger; 3. *Tiny Tim*, Sterling Smith; 4. *Why Worry*, George Braun Stables.

Friday Evening
Pair of hunters—1. Entry, George Braun Stables; 2. Entry, Jane Louise Flaccus; 3. Entry, George Braun Stables; 4. Entry, Shady Valley Farm.

Ladies' hunters—1. *Puritan Boy*, George Braun Stables; 2. *Big Mike*, George H. Cherrington; 3. *Red Tiger*, Lt. W. C. Robinson, Jr.; 4. *Highlander*, George Braun Stables.

Triple bar—1. *Blarney Castle*, Goodman Feinberg; 2. *Lady Katherine*, Y-4 Ranch; 3. *Golden Locket*, B. A. Blumberger.

Saturday Afternoon, January 20
Children's hacks—1. *Twilight*, Valera Sayre; 2. *Sweet Sue*, Barbara Siebert; 3. *Nancy*, Raymond Beach; 4. *Stardust*, LaVerne Sayre.

Children's ponies—1. *Dancing Doll*, Jacqueline Carson; 2. *Nancy*, Raymond Beach; 3. *Stardust*, LaVerne Sayre; 4. *Jock*, Beechwood Stable.

Ponies open jumping—1. *Nancy*, Raymond Beach; 2. *Tommy*, Gail Smith; 3. *Jock*, Beechwood Stable.

Jumping ponies—1. *Jock*, Beechwood Stable; 2. *Tommy*, Gail Smith; 3. *Tommy Tucker*, John Frederick Lawrence; 4. *Cinders*, William Flinn Lawrence.

Seat and hands (hunter)—1. *Nancy*, Raymond Beach; 2. *Jock*, Beechwood Stable; 3. *Sweet Sue*, Barbara Siebert; 4. *Mystery Man*, Mary Frances Hammond.

Children's hunters—1. *Mystery Man*, Mary Frances Hammond; 2. *Highlander*, George Braun Stables; 3. *Fencer*, Goodman Feinberg; 4. *Pedro*, David White.

Children's jumpers—1. *Mystery Man*, Mary Frances Hammond; 2. *Fencer*, Goodman Feinberg; 3. *Highlander*, George Braun Stables; 4. *Jock*, Beechwood Stable.

Seat and hands (hunter)—1. *Nancy*, Raymond Beach; 2. *Jock*, Beechwood Stable; 3. *Tommy Tucker*, John Frederick Lawrence; 4. *Cinders*, William Flinn Lawrence.

Children's championship, hunter seat—Raymond Beach. Reserve—Edward Fisher.

Saturday Evening
Olympic class—1. *Lady Katherine*, Y-4 Ranch; 2. *Tiny Tim*, Sterling Smith; 3. *Golden Locket*, B. A. Blumberger; 4. *Scattercash*, Evelyn Thompson.

\$300 hunter stake—1. *Puritan Boy*, George Braun Stables; 2. *Landstip*, Shady Valley Farm; 3. *Red Tiger*, Lt. W. C. Robinson, Jr.; 4. *Captain Kidd*, W. C. Robinson; 5. Entry, Shady Valley Farm; 6. Continued on Page Eleven

SERGEANT BOB

Chestnut Horse, Foaled in 1938

SERGEANT BOB Ch. h. 1938	Dress Parade.....	Man o'War.....	Fair Play.....	Hastings.....
		Trasher.....	Mahubah.....	*Fairy Gold.....
			Trap Rock.....	*Rock Sand.....
			Pedigree.....	*Merry Token.....
			Broomstick.....	*Rock Sand.....
			*Toplary.....	*Ogden.....
			*British Blue Blood.....	Ben Brush.....
			*Elf.....	Hamburg.....
			*Jersey Lightning.....	Daisy F.....
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	Thunderer.....		Glovina.....	Alberta.....
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Texas Notes

By Bud Burmester

February 1st was moving day for Reynolds Brothers, famed Texas Thoroughbred patrons, who recently sold their splendidly equipped Thoroughbred nursery of some 1,200 acres, located South of this city, to the Foster Real Estate development company. The Reynolds brothers recently took over the former D. C. Proctor Stock Farm, on the old Stove Foundry Road, Fort Worth, and soon will move all the Thoroughbreds to the new location. Originally housing show horses, the former Proctor farm is quite small compared with the large holdings formerly occupied by the Reynolds horses, but it is thought there will be no difficulty in caring for the various Thoroughbreds.

There is a small track on the new place, more than 40 stalls and additional grazing space will be contracted for close by. One of the pleasing features of the Proctor place is that it is modern, adequate housing for Head Trainer Clyde Locklear and his aides, and has an abundance of comforts specially designed for the care and upkeep of horses.

Since the new Reynolds headquarters is but a short distance from the original place, the horses will be transferred by road, and the job is not expected to take very long. More than a dozen top yearlings are being kept in light training pending the outcome of the racing ban. Should racing be restored quickly, Locklear will be able to go right to the races with his youngsters.

There was a really unusual sight in Fort Worth recently. A Fort Worth horseman supervised loading the brood mare, Lerno, by Bud Lerner—Maureen O., and her three foals, one a 3-year-old stud colt by St. Brideaux, one a smart 2-year-old filly by Nedayr, and a yearling filly by the same sire, and the mare herself is carrying a foal by the English-bred stallion Colorado Lad. The mare and her progeny, acquired from Edward Haughton by D. J. Sullivan, the San Antonio owner-breeder, were en route to their new owner's Mariposa Ranch, at Falfurrias.

George Jenkins, the rotund Texas horseman, who quits the game every now and then, finally has turned up at Grand Prairie as proprietor of a newly opened general store. "While there is no racing I thought I'd better arrange for 'vittles' by opening a grocery store, for if there's anything I like it is eating," said Jenkins, whose poundage bears out this contention. Jenkins still does a bit of hauling for Thoroughbred patrons, but will stay out of trading and racing until the ban is lifted.

Employees

One of the most gratifying statements to come out of Washington since the ban was placed on Thoroughbred racing was that of War Manpower Commissioner Paul V. McNutt, who, in a letter to Alex M. Robb, Executive Secretary of the T. R. A., said:

"I know that the owners and breeders of race horses throughout the country have a vast investment in the breeding and development of race horses. In order to protect this investment undoubtedly certain employment will continue for the care of the animals involved."

Over two years ago most of the younger men employed with racing

Pittsburgh Show

Continued from Page Ten

June Holiday, Mrs. C. Snowden Richards; 7. Happy Creek, George Braun Stables; 8. Fencer, Goodman Feinberg.

Corinthian hunters—1. Puritan Boy, George Braun Stables; 2. Big Mike, George H. Cherrington; 3. Gaily Boy, Alice Walton; 4. Captain Kidd, W. C. Robinson.

Hunt teams—1. Sewickley Hunt Team; 2. Entry; 3. George Braun's hunt team; 4. Entry.

High jump—1. Golden Locket, B. A. Blumberger; 2. Why Worry, George Braun Stables; 3. Blarney Castle, Goodman Feinberg.

Jumper stake—1. Tiny Tim, Sterling Smith; 2. Golden Locket, B. A. Blumberger; 3. The Raven, Nick's Fix-It Shop; 4. Dixie, Louis E. Genovese; 5. Happy Landing, Sterling Smith; 6. Martinique, J. J. Polachek; 7. Danny O'Deever, Polly Kinneer.

Jumper championship—Golden Locket, B. A. Blumberger. Reserve—Tiny Tim, Sterling Smith.

Hunter champion—Puritan Boy, George Braun Stables. Reserve—Big Mike, George H. Cherrington.

Hunter and jumper judge—Stanley Greene, Leesburg, Virginia.

stables and breeding farms left farm and race track to join the armed services or go into war work. For a long time only older men or under-aged boys have been doing the work around the stables and breeding farms.

TURNER WILTSHIRE MIDDLEBURG, VIRGINIA

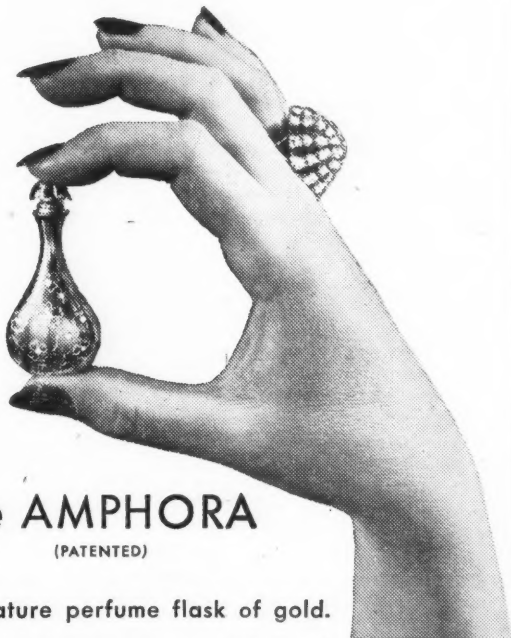
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Conversation Piece==Reynolds and Reynoldstown

By James Reynolds

One night in the Autumn of 1940 (just after the Middleburg Autumn 'Chases had been run over the Glendale Course) I dined with the Courtland Smiths at Dunridin in Middleburg.

During dinner the talk concerned, largely, the afternoon racing, with its attendant joys and betting sorrows. Over coffee, later, I was asked by my host to tell some of my own racing experiences, in Ireland and on the Continent, where, he knew, I had spent a great deal of time in the European racing and hunting world between 1923 and 1938.

Every Irishman that I have ever known hits his stride, conversationally when telling anecdotes. In my own case I hit my stride, to the hilt, that night because the topic chosen was 'The Blood Horse in Ireland'. Dwelling particularly on those extraordinarily memorable moments in the daily round, when sportsmen, stable grooms, touts, tricksters and copers of all sorts are drawn together by a common interest.

Sensing that I had a room full of listeners, as horse-conscious as myself, I was 'off and away', the like of a keen fox-hunter on a bright, frosty November morning.

It was a series of stories strung lightly together along a taut rein of interest and laughter. The evening turned into a sort of Saga of the Sporting Life of J. R.*.

It now appears that Courty Smith remembered a good many of the stories I told that night in 1940. For recently at another dinner at his house, he asked me if I would write, informally, some of the stories I had told to him on the night of our first meeting.

I shall, from now on, have to arrange carefully, a few of the most representative incidents, for they are legion, covering as they do, quite a number of years, and a terrific lot of ground.

A few of the following stories, Courty picked out to be recounted (such as my rewarding conversation with the swift and eager 'Reynoldstown') others I bring in to round out a picture of the years.

It is wise to state, instantan, that my immense interest in horses is three-fold. Besides breeding and racing them, I paint horses as well. According to my own lights, I know of no one living who has had a more highly colored and exciting life than myself. In one way or another it has all been made so by horses.

The first horse I remember being not only supremely conscious of, but enormously attracted to, was an old gray stallion called 'Tarrabardine High'. When I first knew him he was long past his prime, with the wisdom of a Manchu philosopher and manners rivaling the great Lord Chesterfield himself. He was a very handsome old fellow to boot, with his long flowing mane and tail of silver; and his sharp black dappling. His days were spent as a well loved epnsioner, ruminating on his past glories and prowess. He lorded it over a lot of young horses in the hill pasture overlooking the sea, at Ballyshilly Stud, in the County Galway.

'Tarrabardine High' had been foaled, bred and trained for his very superlitive racing career at Ballyshilly by a relative of mine on the distaff side. The very name 'Tarra-



JAMES REYNOLDS

bardine' was a sort of 'Halleluiah' in our family for generations, the reason being that a 'Tarrabardine' the first, (1702) had swelled the family exchequer to the extent that he founded the fortunes of our house, or so near as makes no matter.

Outstanding among his get was 'Tarrabardine Red',—and in turn, 'Red's' 'Lord Tarrabardine',—'Tarrabardine's Trumpet'—'Tarrabardine King', and so on, down the line. Often I used to sit on a stone wall, which divided the upland pastures, holding long, animated and pithy conversations with my wise old friend 'The High', as he was known to his intimates. I would watch the sun from across the restless Atlantic, shimmer along his great shoulders, and I can remember thinking that he was built as great architecture is built, to last for a long time, and to cause joyous comment from all beholders. When 'The High' died, one Autumn night in his comfortable loose-box, I saw to it that he had a bang-up funeral, with 'trappings'.

Soon after this I began to have my own horses. The first was 'Castlereagh' a big raking, dark chestnut Thoroughbred by 'Greek Castle' (by 'Thornley') out of 'Erin's Pride'. He was a knowledgeable horse, and a grand lepper. My clearest memory of 'Castlereagh' is the 'sweet risin' av'im', to a blunt Galway stone bank. No bird on the wing ever rose in the air more cleanly than 'Castlereagh'. I let him get all his bone, saw that his heart was 'big in his chest', then I trained him for the more trappy 'back country' courses.

I have always liked, and always owned, big horses. In Ireland the seventeen hand 'chaser and hunter is seen many times over in every 'field'. I like as well, the country courses because of the sense of breadth and well spaced jumps. I admit the jumps may often be a bit grim, the like of old 'Paradise and Purgatory', a stone-wall with a bloody history at Killreekil, but the springy going, is usually supreme.

In Ireland there are the world renowned 'classic' courses. For example, 'Royal', Phoenix Park. Beloved by the sporting English Regent on his many visits to Ireland. There is the

fashionable 'Lovely' Leopardstown, with its flower bordered paddocks and promanade under towering horse-chestnut trees, where Irish women and foreign visitors go all out, in the matter of garden-party dresses. Friendly, sprawling Punchestown, where jumps are pretty formidable. A Punchestown horse is known for his 'big' flying, style of leppin. He must mind his take-off and 'ware his landing. A sloppy jumper at Punchestown, is a 'dead duck' in no time. Then there is the windy, hilly Fairhouse Course, where the Irish Grand National is run on Easter Monday. Baldoyle is a vastly popular course for the 'small coin better'. It is at Sutton-by-the-Sea and as the horses run along a sandy stretch close to the sea, flocks of sea-gulls scream encouragement or shrill invective at the runners. Often when riding this course an angry gull has kept pace with my horse for half a mile. In an article I once wrote for 'Town and Country' on 'Winter Steeplechasing in Ireland' I illustrated this particular spot at Baldoyle.

The Galway Course is an ancient course, laid out in a great measure as it stands today, by the Black O'Flahertys, the Bloody Blakes, the Considines, the McTrillas and the 'Holy' O'Tullas, in 1010 when Galway was called the City of the Tribes.

Galway 'going' is a great test for a horse. Many of the Irish horses who have won the Grand National

at Aintree, such as 'Shannon Lass' (1902) 'Drumcree' (1903) 'Tipperary Tim' (1928) 'Gragalach' (1929) 'Troytown' (1920) 'Shaun Golin' (1930) and 'Reynoldstown' (1935-36) won outstanding races at Galway Old Course, as it is called, before being shipped to Liverpool.

It was at Newtown Swords, with big, craggy banks and doubles (a sort of irrigation ditch, with a turf-topped stone wall on either side) that my 'chaser 'Castlereagh', after four years of splendid performances, was badly bumped by a wildly lunging loose horse, just as he was about to rise to the take-off. 'Castlereagh' crashed into the wall, broke his off shoulder, and had to be destroyed where he lay.—It took me a long time to get over that one. I have lost a number of good horses since, one way and another, but 'Castlereagh' was my first horse, and we were close friends.

Another 'auld divil av a course', as Continued on Page Fifteen

STANDING AT Grange Farm SEASON 1945

KOODOO

Ch. h., 1930

Court Day—Mayanel,
by Lucullite

(Property of U. S. Government)

KOODOO stands 16.3, weighs 1,300 lbs., has 78" girth and 8 3/4" bone.

Sydney Glass, agent

Seonelltown Rd., R. D. 4,

West Chester, Pa.

Phone: West Chester 2716

Standing 1945 Season At **ELLERSLIE FARM** Charlottesville, Virginia

***Princequillo**

(Property of Prince Dimitri Djordjadze)

\$250 RETURN

*Princequillo ... Bay, 1940	Prince Rose.....	Rose Prince.....	*Prince Palatine Eglantine
	Cosquilla.....	Indolence.....	Gay Crusader Barrier
		Papyrus.....	Tracery Miss Matty
		Quick Thought.....	White Eagle Mindful

*Princequillo Won at 5 1/2 Furlongs—*Princequillo Won at 2 Miles—
He Won in New Track Record Time—He Won \$96,550

His Female Line Is One of Winners and Producers of Stakes Winners—His Sire Was Leading Sire Abroad

*PRINCEQUILLO, winner of \$96,550 at 2, 3, and 4, won at 5 1/2 furlongs and on up to two miles.

His victories included the Saratoga Handicap (beating Bolingbroke and Shut Out and covering the 1 1/4 miles in 2:01 4/5), the Saratoga Cup (setting new track record of 2:58 3/5 for 1 1/4 miles, beating Bolingbroke and Dark Discovery), the Jockey Club Gold Cup (beating Fairy Manhurst, Bolingbroke), the Questionnaire Handicap (carrying top weight and equaling track record for 1 1/4 miles, beating Lord Calvert, Trans-former, etc.), the Merchants' and Citizens' Handicap (going 1 3/16 miles in 1:56 1/5 with top weight to beat Ramillies, Wait A Bit, etc.).

In the Whitney Stakes this season he was beaten one-half length by Devil Diver at level weights. Thus, the Whitney Stakes became his "hard luck" race since he lost the 1943 running of this event by a nose to Bolingbroke.

*PRINCEQUILLO started his racing career at Saratoga where at 2 he won at 5 1/2 and at 6 furlongs to begin a season in which he was unplaced only twice in 10 starts.

*PRINCEQUILLO is a son of English-bred Prince Rose, an outstanding racer in Belgium and France and leading sire in Belgium in 1938. In Belgium, Prince Rose won four of seven starts at two, all of seven starts at three. At four he was undefeated in five starts, climaxing and ending his career in France in the Prix du President de la Republique.

*PRINCEQUILLO'S dam, Cosquilla, won seven races in France, including Prix de Chantilly. His second dam, Quick Thought, was a winner and producer of six winners, including four stakes winners. The third dam, Mindful, untraced, produced five winners.

Applications To Be Made To

A. B. HANCOCK

PHONE 393

PARIS, KY.

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IS, KY.

CONVERSATION PIECE

(By James Reynolds)



HUNTINGTOWER. This picture is one of many which I have painted of this great stallion. He is by FALKLAND, by WARDEN OF THE MARCHES, out of SPRING ARGYLE. A stream runs through his paddock at St. Vidoc, Province of Quebec. He dashes through it fifty times a day. He is a grand mover, and always on the move. I can never remember seeing elsewhere so powerful a horse. He is a steel-gray, dappled with black points. The original painting is owned by Mrs. Robert Bell and hangs in her library in New York.



BALLYHOULIHAN. A spirited, young 'chaser. By HUNTINGTOWER out of ONE MORE WALTZ. A steel gray, like his sire, he had great speed, and jumps in the "flying style". In this picture a scarlet and white blanket is thrown over the Port-hole window sill.



SUSSEX. One of the many painted of this horse. A few minutes after he won the Brook Chase at Belmont, in 1941. The line of the quarters is clean and powerful as those of a stag in the Forest of Fontain-l'Roi. SUSSEX jumps very like some stags I have hunted. He gathers himself tightly and flies over a barrier.

CONVERSATION PIECE

(By James Reynolds)



WHISTLING BOY. This picture, (the original belongs to Reginald Smith, C. S. P. X., Middleburg), was painted on the spot. Returning to Middleburg after an afternoon's racing at the Glendale course. A stable-boy whistling his heart out. Two very gay 'chasers, coolers blowing, heading for home.



BLOCKADE. This picture of **BLOCKADE** is one of four paintings I did of him while he was alive. It was painted at Middleburg, particularly to show his stance and his magnificent quarters. Original owned by Reginald Smith, C. S. P. X.



MAE LAD and Oliver Filley, Jr. This "Conversation Piece" was painted at the request of Mrs. Filley after Oliver had ridden a good race in the Rokeby Bowl, when he was seventeen. The original is owned by Mrs. Oliver Filley.

Reynoldstown

Continued from Page Twelve

the tipsters say, or 'the Devil laid a heavy hand on that black acre, surely', is Ardmulcan. At Ardmulcan the dismal depths of demented weather prevails. Horses and riders are always as nervous as scalded cats, the lips of both man and mount twitching with a bad class of dread and forboding. I have felt it myself. The worst fall I ever took in my life, and from which I still suffer, was at a 'scramble bank', at Ardmulcan, on a cold wet, slippery day.

Tramore in County Waterford has one of the most heart-breaking stone wall jumps in the length and breadth of Holy Ireland, no foolin'. It was at this wall, which looks the height of a medieval Keep, as one rides up to it, that I heard a scrap of 'rail-side' conversation one dark afternoon, that I shall never forget.

I was riding a big black gelding called 'Cloister Hill', famous for his long reach and loping stride. As we breasted the rise, on the crest of which, this jump looms, I noticed two tinker women, dirty as sin, standing so close to the edge of the ditch that they were practically in it. So close was one of the women that I distinctly heard her say, in a loud complaining voice, "Aragh, that great animal rose to it princely, sure he'll not meet death here." We made the jump, and to spare. I turned and looked back over my shoulder. The old woman was looking sourly after us, very disappointed, I thought.

Another time at Downpatrick, where the finish is an eighth of a mile from the Paddock, I was riding slowly back to the unsaddling enclosure. Suddenly at my stirrup appeared a bowlegged, old die-hard of the courses, whom I had seen prowling about for years. He had astonishingly blue eyes that sparkled with wit and 'white wonder' (illicit poteen). His breath was fit to knock both 'Cloister Hill' and myself, flat, with the power of it. The old fellow steadied himself on a venerable black-thorn shillalagh, he raked us with an approving glance and said, "Sure yer Honor, that's a great leppin boyho yer ridin', that last lepp he took, if an inch higher, would 'av brushed the hem 'av Saint Peter's, gown, an' him cranin' out the gate to watch". Almighty God and all the roster of saints are made very intimate, immediate and sport minded, by the Irish countryman.

In 1931 I bought Ballykileen, a medium sized Regency house, set in a wooded corner of the spacious demesne of Rathgannonstown, near the village of Castledermott in the County Kildare.

I bought the house from a relative, not only because it is a most engaging, friendly house on its own, but the paddocks, pasturing and stables for brood-mares and hunters are unique, even in a country where every possible attention is awarded the housing for horses, no smallest detail is neglected that will contribute to making them happy. I remember once standing next to a man from Philadelphia, at the deck-rail of an Irish Mail packet steamer, swinging out of the Bay of Dunlohair. This man had visited Ireland, primarily to take in the famed Dublin Horse Show. After that was over he had spent a whirlwind week visiting some of the well known Studs and Racing stables. The Agha Khan's at the Curragh. Lord Dunraven's Fort Union Stud. Rory More-O'Farrell's Kildangan. Major Dermott McCalmont's Mount Juliet Stud at Thomastown, County Kili-

kenny. An entire village lives and has its being here. I said to the man, after we had discussed the Dublin Show. "What impressed you most in Ireland?" he replied, with a far away look. "I was thinking that if I was a horse I should want to live in Ireland, the whole country is run to please them". He couldn't have been righter.

There was one other factor that swayed me in buying Ballykileen. It is a good luck house. Considering that I am the most superstitious mortal alive, the aura of good fortune which has ever hung about the house meant a great deal to me. The Ballykileen Stables has an enviable record for the fine type of horses it has housed and turned out. Happily, it has, under my stewardship continued its good name. I have furthered the 'Bridge' strain, for brood-mares.

In 1900 a stallion called 'Waterford Bridge' sired only fillies for eight coverings. Many of these fillies had exceptional racing careers. Among them was 'Dawn Bridge'—'Liffey Bridge'—'Paganbridge' and a very elegantly made mare called 'Tasselbridge'. This mare was bought by the Marquis de Soveral and sent to Belgium. Among other classics in France and Belgium 'Tasselbridge' won the coveted Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe at Longchamps. One of her daughters was 'Pont le Diane', another 'Pont le Foret' and the stunning 'Pont L'Argent'. I now own 'Fallow Bridge', a great-granddaughter of 'Waterford Bridge'. This sable-brown mare has foaled some remarkably fine hunters. All of them have the great 'Bridge' heart.

In 1933 an Irish friend of mine, Mrs. Patrick Deerford, who at that time had Rathgannonstown on lease, decided to spend a few months in Italy. She told me she would remain in Italy until after the Autumn race meeting at Merano in the Trentino near Bolzano. Each year the great Italian classic the Coppa d'Autunno (usurped of the Facisti for a few infamous years and christened the Coppa del Duce) was run for a purse of 1,000,000 Lira, which is formidable and enticing in any coinage. The outstanding Italian stallions, 'Donatello' and 'Nearco' have both won this purse.

Mrs. Deerford shipped to Italy, from her Rathgannonstown stables, a very top-flight hunter mare, 'Corrib Town'. Her plan was to hunt 'Corrib Town' for a season with the Visconti Pack in the Roman Campagna. This hunt found, around Trassi and Tivoli, while the Macarese hunt, under the expert guidance of the Marchese Patrizi Patrizio, the capo-caccia found foxes running between the ancient Aurelian Way and the Mediterranean Sea. Before sending 'Corrib Town', back to Ireland, the mare would be covered by the great Italian stallion 'Delle Dragone', who had sired so many 'chasers, for example, 'Aquadendente', 'Dordogne' and 'Frassibello'.

All this came to pass, as bright, pleasant events had a way of doing before the fatal Autumn of 1939. The get, resulting from the mating of 'Delle Dragone' and Irish 'Corrib Town' was a colt christened 'Dragonstown'.

One sparkling Spring morning, 'Corrib Town' dropped a flagrantly handsome foal, a colt. As sturdy and wide awake a little fellow as ever I've seen. Three people stood in the sunny, straw-littered loose-box watching intently. Tom de Lacey, (a vet and a Magician, all rolled into one) Mrs. Deerford, and myself. As the foal swayed and shambled to his feet, warily surveying his rapt audience, he stood for a moment, teeter-

ing. Then collecting himself the like of a seasoned veteran, he walked over and put his wet little muzzle in my outstretched hand. He looked up at me as if to say "Well, I made it. Damn if I didn't". In that split-second I fell harder, and more deeply in love, than I ever have, before or since.

I caught my friends eye and said. "Katie, I want him". Being a great sport, she instantly replied, "Jimmy, he's yours".

As it turned out I did not see much of my new colt, only a few days at a time intermittently. It was necessary for me to be out of Ireland, traveling, for the next three years. I spent a few months in the United States painting Murals. Later I went to Hungary to stay with a friend who owned a unique breeding farm in the mirage-haunted vastness of the Pustza, near Debrescen. While there I painted a series of life size panels of his favorite stallions. They were used as overdoors and lunettes over windows in the vaulted entrance hall of the castle.

In the summer of 1934 I flew to India, where I was to join friends and journey with them far up into the fastnesses of the Hindu Kush. Our destination was Gilgit, a fortress city in Disputed Territory of the Karakoram Pass (I later wrote and illustrated an article called 'Eagles over Gilgit' which appeared in the American, 'Country Life') I wanted particularly to see and paint the legendary Arabian horses raised by the Tamar of Gilgit on the roof of the world.

Black stallions, they are; bred through the centuries from stock brought (over a thousand years ago) from Marrakesh by the Idzuaan. The family of the Tamar. In order to acclimatize these horses to the thin,

sharp air of 1900 feet above sea-level, it was necessary to exert the greatest possible care and patience. Generation after generation of horses were moved up, always up, up, a few miles in altitude. When I did see a drove of these black stallions, caparisoned in the Tamar's livery-harness of lemon yellow leather and silver mountings, I stood speechless before their fire and radiant beauty. Each horse was wide between the eyes, which were enormous and of a deep purple-black. They had the delicate Arab Barb muzzle with sharply flaring nostrils. Slenderly built, but strongly muscled flanks, they had, and iron-hard hocks. The 'Look of Eagles' hung as an aura about each proud head.

Two months were spent in and around Gilgit, then I came down to Srinagar, 'The Sorcerers City' on the banks of the torrential Jhelum River, just over the Karakoram-India boundary.

I had planned, and fully intended to stop on in India for six months at least. Visit Udupur for the annual polo matches, which attracted all the sporty Indian Princes and were always gala, no end. Then I planned

Continued on Page Sixteen

Hosiery Repairing Glove Repairing Glove Cleaning Re-weaving In-weaving

Southern Stelos Co.
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Washington, D. C.

ELLERSLIE STALLIONS

Season of 1945

Charlottesville, Virginia

FLARES

Bay, 1933

Gallant Fox

Flambino

*Sir Galahad III

Marguerite

*Wrack

*Flambette

FLARES was a winner of the Newmarket Stakes, Ormonde Plate, Burwell Stakes, Princess of Wales' Stakes, Dullingham Stakes, Lowther Stakes, Champion Stakes, and Ascot Gold Cup, also placing in other of England's best stakes races. His first crop produced 12 winners and his second crop, 9 winners. Two-year-old winners from his third crop are now racing. To November 1, 1944, his progeny have won \$42,650 in first monies only. He is the sire of Skytracer, winner 1944 Blue Grass Stakes, beating Broadcloth and others; Chop Chop, winner Endurance Handicap, \$25,000 added Empire City Handicap, placed in Ardsley Handicap, Classic Stakes and Tantee, winner Fimlico Nursery Stakes. Other winners have placed in stakes.

FEE—\$250 RETURN

TINTAGEL

Bay, 1933

*Sir Galahad III

Heloise

*Teddy

Plucky Liege

Friar Rock

*Affection

TINTAGEL was the leading 2-year-old of his year, winner Belmont Futurity. His first crop produced 13 starters, of which 11 were winners, including CASTLERIDGE, Tinted Chick, Tell Me More, White Sea, and Eric Knight. Of 16 foals in his second crop, 2-year-olds of 1942, he has 14 winners, including which have won in three seasons, and the good winners Ambie Tint, Short Life, Gold Tint, Tindell, Tindler, Darby Doe, etc. His third crop, now 3-year-olds, has produced 7 winners out of 12 starters and 3 have placed. More than 50 per cent of TINTAGEL'S winners in his first three crops won as 2-year-olds. To date he has six 2-year-old winners, including Talmadge and Freddie's Pal, (four races each), Slight Edge, etc. To November 1, 1944, his progeny have won \$50,940 in first monies only.

FEE—\$250 RETURN

Return is for one year if mare does not prove in foal. Return to be claimed by December 1, 1945.

We reserve the right to reject any mare physically unfit

No responsibility is accepted for accidents or disease

Address

A. B. HANCOCK

CLAIBORNE STUD

PHONE 393

PARIS, KENTUCKY

Reynoldstown

Continued from Page Fifteen

to go on to Jodhpur and paint the grandeur of the vast old Citadel, beetling on its headland of rock. In Jaipur the Old Palace of Amber, built like a many terraced village in 1600, harbors more grisly ghosts than any other one building on earth. This palace I planned to paint as well, and add a few more ghost stories to my already fabulous collection. But, as so often happens my plans changed in the twinkling of an eye.

One morning I picked up a week-old copy of the London Times, which lay beside my breakfast plate on the sunny, Officer's Club terrace. I had just lifted a cup of hot and fragrant coffee to my lips, when my eye caught a line on the racing sheet of the Times. An electric shock darted up my spine. In letters of fire, to me at any rate, it said.

Major Furlong To Run Reynoldstown In Grand National Steeplechase at Aintree.

I remember distinctly that in my excitement I burned the roof off my mouth, with scalding coffee. The resulting sputtering caused some very disapproving stares from a number of posh British Officers breakfasting at a nearby table.

I hastily compared dates. I had exactly eleven days to get back to England, flying from Karachi via Imperial Airways to Croydon. Well, I'd do it. I simply could not miss seeing 'Reynoldstown' win the great Aintree classic. For he would win it, there was not the ghost of a doubt in my mind as to that. The 'flash of fey', that curious sixth sense of the Irish, lodged in my mind, and wouldn't be gainsaid. Then just to clinch it, I dreamed that night that I was standing at Valentine's Brook on the Liverpool Course. The race was nearly run, 'Reynoldstown,' like a swallow on the wing had taken each jump in faultless style. Then came that moment in the race when the 'Great Bid' is made. When all the heart in the world is demanded of a tired horse. He must cover that long uphill stretch to the winning post. There was 'Reynoldstown' in my dream, ears pricked, and as fresh as new mown hay in a Tipperary meadow. He won the race by ten lengths, as we all know.

The next morning after my dream, I rushed to the head-porter at my hotel and asked him to get me on the next plane for England. No matter what. I was told the next plane left in two days time.

In those days it took, with luck, four and a half days from Karachi (via Aden, Alexandria and Marselles), to reach England.

We took off on a blistering hot, dusty day.

I arrived out at the Aintree Course the day before the race, having spent two days in Ireland after my arrival from India. The trip had been swift and uneventful. I walked along the line of transient boxes, looking for my russet red friend, Timmy Brand the 'box-boy' was just wiping down Reynoldstown's legs.

Standing back I got a good searching look at the marvelous little horse, gleamed with good health, like the first star of evening. Cool and collected after Timmy said, "A grand, wide workout".

'Reynoldstown' arched his neck and stretched towards me. Taking his nibbling muzzle between my two hands I looked him straight in the eye. Steadfast, wise eyes they were. "Reynoldstown, me bucko", I said, "I've flown all the way back from

India to see you win the National tomorrow, are you going to do it?" He looked at me a long minute, I detected a shade humorously, then he flicked an ear and winked at me. That was all I needed. If he had said, in a pleasant brogue, "I am that. And in style". I couldn't have been more convinced.

'Reynoldstown' was an 18 to 1 shot as we all know. Frank Furlong rode him. 'Reynoldstown' carried 11 stone, 4 pounds like a feather. His freshness after that grueling four miles, and those perishing jumps, was the talk of three continents for years. I am still aghast at the whopping sum of money I put on his nose, to win, and the resulting sum I won.

After this 'Reynoldstown' National, I spent the summer in Austria, Poland and later Hungary. During this time I rode some wizard horses, and got back to Ireland just in time to show at the Dublin Horse Show.

This was the first year I showed 'Bandit's Bridge' a superb hunter. By 'Highwayman' (by 'Warden-of-the-Marches') out of 'Corrib Bridge' sister to 'Corrib Town'. One day in 1936 Tom de Lacey told me that 'Dragonstown', while shaping up splendidly, had a curious nervous quirk (he would outgrow it de Lacey assured me). It was the way he got bored easily. I replied "And who shall blame him, so do I, unless I'm plenty fond of the people I'm with."—de Lacey nodded. "That's just what I mean, we have got to get him a lad he likes, I prefer a low-boy, rather than a grown man, 'Dragonstown' seems to be happiest with young lads around him."

And so it turned out. A 'low-boy', a nephew of Tom de Lacey's was hired. This paragon of the species (as it happily turned out) rejoiced in the name of Patrick Bourke de Lacey. He was known to all as 'Bingo'. "Because" he would tell you, "If bidden an errand, I'm off like the wind, and back twice as quick,—Bingo."

The morning Bingo arrived at Ballykileen, I happened to be standing near 'Dragonstown's' box. Touching his forelock in great politeness, Bingo stood watching the gray horse feeding. The horse who was to be his entire charge. 'Dragonstown' raised his head and caught the eye of Bingo the low-boy. There was a sort of cataclysm. The earth, as it were, rocked. A Centaur was born. From that day out, until the dark day in December 1940, when Bingo Lacey joined the Irish Free State Cavalry at McKee Barracks near Dublin, horse and boy were never separated for more than a few hours, to my knowledge.

When Bingo first came to Ballykileen to take complete charge of Dragonstown he was sixteen years old (that was in 1934) five years later at twenty-one years, he joined the Cavalry. During those five years I laughed more (and marveled constantly), at Bingo's racy descriptions of sundry events, his brilliant similes, and his pungent curses, than I would, off hand, believe possible.

I may as well add right here, that about the person of Bingo Lacey, there hangs an aura of the 'fabulous'. He is quoted from one end of Ireland to the other.

Bingoisms, crop up in the daily speech of all classes of men. In appearance he is a tall, wiry, fair boy, a shock of unruly hair always falling over his eyes, which are blue as a rain-washed sky and bone witty. His brogue is the lilting, clearly enunciated speech of County Lime-

rick in the South of Ireland. With this description, the curtain rises.—I present you to Bingo Lacey.

One day we were standing at the side-rails of a schooling field at 'Clonrifford Stud', a neighboring farm. A 'green' boy was taking an equally 'green' hunter over brush jumps. Sawing distractedly at the horse's mouth the boy was making a holy mess of it. Bingo, with hands of 'aisy velvet' as he says, could stand this spectacle no longer. His voice cut the air the like of a whip-lash "What the hell are yetryin' to do?—ye murther.—Sure ye've hands as heavy as a widow's heart."

Another time, while watching Lady H. McC. taking a beautifully schooled hunter over a tricky stone wall in superb style, Bingo crooned with delight. Turning to me he said, "Sure sir, she's hands as light, she could braid a cobweb and not disturb the dew."

At the Kilorglin Races Bingo had staked out a pitch. Having groomed 'Dragonstown', within an inch of his life the better to display him to a gathering throng. A dirty, weedy boy. A 'gaum' in Bingo's phraseology ("yer a sad class 'av gaum, entirely"), he would often hurl at some boy) threw a derogatory remark at Bingo's God. 'The Dragon'. At this, all hell broke loose. I arrived on the scene just in time to help pull the two fighters apart. They were lunging at each other the like of two bantam cocks. Bloody noses streaming, battered eyes swelling, the two boys went back to their respective charges. I asked Bingo what the devil had caused this tatarara. Bingo, with rapidly closing eyes still flashing in anger said. "Aragh, sir, That gaum an' his scaldin' serpent tongue. I forget meself whin roused. If I don't take a great hold on me temper, one day I'll be draped with the sin ave murder and massacree".

Another day when staying at an old country house in the wilds of 'back country' Roscommon, I noticed that the plumbing in my bath was, to say the least, sketchy. I came into my room to dress for dinner, as Bingo was drawing my bath. Water was spurting every way but into the tub, and getting decidedly out of hand. Bingo wet to the eyebrows, looked at me with a disarming smile. "Glory be to God, sir, if I'm not the young Neptune."

St. Patrick, no matter how revered by the rest of Ireland, is not a favorite saint of Bingo's. He holds it against St. Patrick that he drove all the snakes out of the land. "Wasn't he the pure monument for selfishness." Bingo says. "How did he know we mightn't like a snake or two about? Ivery other country has thim, and we without." It is, as he ruminates 'A small class of worry, to me'. One day I found Bingo rubbing his chin skeptically. A small, wart-like eruption had appeared on the hock of 'Bandit's Bridge'. Pondering it, he looked up at me and said. "I think 'The Bandit', trod on a snake and it bit 'um." "Impossible", I replied. "You know perfectly well there's not a snake in the length and breadth of Ireland". He sighed "Ah, sir, where'd I be if I'd not me little illussions".

With Bingo in the Cavalry, I was afraid 'Dragonstown' might go off his form a bit. But I learn this is not the case. He races in Ireland today, under the care of my cousin, Mrs. Patrick McNeary. I miss seeing him run, greatly.

I miss riding him even more. For me, he is the horse of a lifetime. To own him has been the wonder of my life.

The Sporting Calendar

Horse Shows

(These dates are tentative and subject to change.)

- MAY**
 6—Hutchinson Horse Show, New York.
 12 & 13—Secor Farms Riding Club Horse Show, White Plains, New York.
 13—Success Horse Show, Great Neck, L. I., New York.
 16 to 20, inc.—Los Angeles National Spring Horse Show.
 19 & 20 or 25 & 27—Meadow Brook Saddle Club Horse Show, N. C.
 19 & 20 or 26 & 27—Harrison Horse Show, Harrison, New York.
 19 & 20 or 26 & 27—Hartford Spring Horse Show, Hartford, Conn.
 20—Oaks Hunt Horse Show (tentative), Great Neck, L. I., N. Y.
 20—Western Massachusetts Horse Show, Springfield, Mass.
 26 & 27—Deep Run Hunt Club Horse Show, Richmond, Va.
 28 to June 2—Devon Horse Show, Devon, Pa. (tentative).

- JUNE**
 2 & 3—Watchung Riding & Driving Club, Watchung, N. J.
 7, 8 & 9—Sedgefield Horse Show, Sedgefield, N. C.
 9 & 10—Grand Rapids Charity Horse Show, Grand Rapids, Mich.
 9 & 10—Connecticut Valley Horse Show.
 9 & 10—Second Annual Horse Show, Leona Stables, San Leandro, Calif.
 13 to 16, inc.—Charles Town Horse Show, Charles Town, W. Va.
 16 & 17—Long Meadow Junior League Horse Show, Long Meadow, Mass.
 17—Birchwood Horse Show, Wethersfield, Conn.
 16 & 17—Tarrytown Rockwood Hall Horse Show, Westchester Co., N. Y.
 22 & 23—Richmond Co. Horse Show, Staten Island, N. Y.
 23 & 24—De Witt Kiwanis Tecumseh Club Horse Show, De Witt, N. Y.
 23 & 24—Three Oaks Riding Club Horse Show, Allentown, Pa.
 29 & 30—Ox Ridge, Darien, Conn.

- JULY**
 2, 3 & 4—Cache Valley Horse Show Ass'n., Logan, Utah.
 3 & 4—Culpeper Horse Show & Racing Association, Culpeper, Va.
 12, 13 & 14—Monmouth Co. Horse Show, Rumson, N. J. (tentative).
 28 & 29—Junior League Horse Show of Colorado Springs (tentative).

- AUGUST**
 4 & 5 or 11 & 12—Sagamore Horse Show, Bolton Landing, New York (tentative).
 11—Litchfield Horse Show, Litchfield, Conn.
 11—Bath County Horse Show, Hot Springs, Va.
 25—Kewick Hunt Club Horse Show, Kewick, Va.
 25 & 26—Pioneer Valley Horse Association, Athol, Mass.

- SEPTEMBER**
 1 & 2—Williamsport Horse Show, Williamsport.
 1 & 3—Warrenton Horse Show Association, Warrenton, Va.
 1 & 3—Altoona Horse Show, Altoona, Pa.
 2—Blandford Fair Horse Show, Mass.
 2 & 3—Quentin Riding Club Horse Show, Quentin, Pa.
 2 to 9 inc.—Kentucky State Fair Horse Show, Louisville, Ky.
 5—Central Wisconsin State Fair Ass'n. Horse Show.
 7, 8 & 9—Maryland Hunter Show, Pimlico, Baltimore, Md.
 9—Helping Hand Horse Show, Piping Rock Horse Show Grounds, Locust Valley, L. I., N. Y.
 13, 14 & 15 or 27, 28 & 29—Piping Rock Horse Show Association, Locust Valley, L. I., N. Y. (tentative).
 15 & 16—Fairfield County Hunt Club, Inc., Fairfield, Conn.
 20, 21 & 22—North Shore Horse Show, Stony Brook, L. I., N. Y. (tentative).
 20, 21 & 22—Chester County Horse Show, Devon, Pa.
 22 & 23 or 29 & 30—Hartford Fall Horse Show, Hartford, Conn.
 26 to 30 inc.—Los Angeles National Fall Horse Show.
 26 to 29—Bryn Mawr Horse Show Association, Inc., Bryn Mawr, Pa. (tentative).
 29 & 30—Bellevue Horse Show, Potstow, Pa.
 30 to Oct. 8 inc.—Ak-Sar-Ben Horse Show, Ormond, Nebraska.

- OCTOBER**
 5, 6 & 7—Rock Spring Horse Show, New Jersey.
 7—Hutchinson Horse Show, New York.
 27—56th Regiment National Guard Horse Show, Newburg, N. Y.

- NOVEMBER**
 7 to 14, inc.—National Horse Show Ass'n. of America, Ltd., N. Y. (tentative).

- DECEMBER**
 14 & 15—Brooklyn Horse Show, New York.

Hunter Trials

- MARCH**
 11—Barbara Worth Stables Hunter Trials, Third of a series of four, Sacramento, Calif.

- APRIL**
 8—Deep Run Hunt Club Hunter Trials, Richmond, Va.
 15—Deep Run Hunt Club Junior Hunter Trials, Richmond, Va.

- MAY**
 6—Barbara Worth Stables Hunter Trials, Fourth of a series of four, Sacramento, Calif.

INSURE your future—
Save WITH WAR BONDS

California Trials

Continued from Page One

Bobby Warren 5th. These youngsters improve with every show, and are really getting smooth. The same class for children 13 to 18 went to Pat Klein over Martha Mekeel, with Adrianna Hale 3rd, Norma Burton 4th and Betty Lombardi 5th.

Green working hunters saw Mickey McLaughlin's Bombshell in 1st place, over Ralph Taylor's Edgewood. Third was Martha Mekeel's Mint, with Hazel Binder's Murphy 4th.

The blue for working hunters went to Mint, with Murphy 2nd, Eva Taverna's Wikid Storm 3rd, Adrianna Hale's Sabik 4th, and Bert Brown's Hut Sut 5th.

In working hunter pairs cross country, that invincible pair, Edgewood and Betty-Jean Lassen's Windsor were 1st with a literally flawless go. Scarcely less perfect, for 2nd place, were Ann McCoy's Ceiling Zero and Olive Crossen's Briar-mint. Wikid Storm and Norma Burton's La Zova Moon were in 3rd place. Cheers went up when two of our under-twelve youngsters, Honeybear Warren on News Flash and Jed Boscoe on Margaff, came in 4th over Mickey McLaughlin's Bombshell and Eva Gene Dager's Sandy George. And we cannot refrain from mentioning in passing that superb (?) team consisting of Bert Brown (tall silk hat!) riding Hut Sut, and Hazel Binder (very crushed cow-boy hat) riding Murphy. We mention this because Bert firmly believes (or pretends to) that his pair was far and away the best!

Because of the large number of fine conformation hunters, the class was divided in this show into two divisions. In the lightweight division, Jane Lovett's Our Gus was 1st over Norma Burton's Cover Girl. Evelyn Leydecker riding Charing Cross was 3rd. Barbara Mull's very newly purchased Little Cap was 4th, over News Flash.

In the heavyweight division, Edgewood was 1st, Windsor 2nd, Bombshell 3rd and Sandy George 5th. We seem unable to locate 4th place.

The model hunter class, an innovation begun at the first trial this season, in which showmanship alone counts, went to Eva Gene Dager, with Evelyn Leydecker 2nd, Mickey McLaughlin 3rd, Betty-Jean Lassen 4th, and Patty Lassen 5th. Prof. Howell explained to the class after the awards his reason for tying them as he did, stressing the fact that he particularly noticed those exhibitors whose entire interest was centered on the horse rather than on themselves, and who continued to show the horse after the judge had passed. These classes are a real education to many of these youngsters who are just beginning their horsemanship career, and certainly doesn't hurt the more experienced ones! We feel that Barbara Zimmerman should be complimented for conducting such a class.

Working hunt teams cross country was once again the highlight of the show, featuring as it does the very tricky course, calling for pairing and joining three abreast at various stages along the way. Windsor, Edgewood, and Agnes Bleth's G. I. were a spectacular 1st, over Mint. Our Gus, and Charing Cross. Bombshell, Sandy George, and Eva Gene Dager's Lanzar were 3rd. Patty Lassen's Marksman, Cover Girl, and Bombardier, ridden by Pat Klein, were 4th, over Wikid Storm, La Zova Moon, and News Flash.

Green hunters was won by Cover Girl, with Ceiling Zero, ridden by Betty Lombardi, 2nd, Little Cap 3rd,

Bobby Warren's Speedy 4th, and Dorothea Herman's Don't Storm 5th.

Children's working hunters, of which our announcer, John Diggs, said, "It looks as though every horse in the stable was in this class", was won by Bobby Warren's Speedy. We feel that we should comment on this win, for Speedy proved herself to be one of the most ideal children's hunters we have yet to see, smooth, easy, and faultless, and young Bobby, who only started jumping last June, gave her an absolutely perfect ride. There can be no question in anyone's mind but that this combination was the only possible winner of the class, in spite of the fact that many of the older youngsters have had far more experience in the show ring. Mint was in 2nd place, over Billy Lagomarsino's Bombardier, with Little Cap 4th, and Marksman 5th.

The last class of the afternoon, hunter hack pairs, again saw the beautifully matched Edgewood and Windsor taking the blue. Our Gus and Charing Cross were in 2nd place, over Bombshell and Sandy George. Wikid Storm and La Zova Moon were 4th and Mint and Bombardier were 5th.

The show was, as always, able managed by Barbara Worth Zimmerman, owner of the stables, and instructor of a large per cent of the riders. We feel sure that she must be very thrilled and proud of her pupils, especially the littler youngsters, who have come so far in their riding in so short a time. It is rather exceptional to see a number of eight, nine, and ten-year-olds, who have been riding less than a year, and jumping only a matter of months, able to compete on an even basis with riders of all ages and experience, in open classes, and emerge with their share of the ribbons.

A little special word seems in order for young Adrianna Hale, and the beautiful way she showed Sabik. Not in the ribbons as often as we feel she might have been, this fourteen-year old deserves a big hand for her work on this rather difficult horse. It has been up-hill work all the way, with a lot of disappointments, but Adrianna has kept on smiling, and kept on working, and the improvement is very marked, and must be very gratifying to the young rider. Her slashing pair with Pat Klein's very spirited Wedding Cake, while it did not rate a ribbon, was a true example of skill and ability, and certainly pointed both girls as fine horsewomen.

The third of the series of Hunter Trials will be held on March 11, when the contest for Season Champion Horse, and Rider will really begin to be hot and exciting.

Schooling Show

Continued from Page One

on Flicker, his chestnut gelding, was the winner.

Mrs. Sally Brady of the Chagrin Valley Hunt Club and Mr. Richard Lavery of the Academy staff handled the afternoon's judging.

Summaries

Open jump—1. Flicker, Mark Zetelmeyer; 2. Dixie Way, Jane Zetelmeyer; 3. Don Juan, Elizabeth Easley.

Horsemanship—1. Patricia Forker; 2. George Scragg; 3. Jimmy Easley.

Ladies' hunter—1. Circle Surprise, Joan McIntosh; 2. Eagle Trail, Kate Ireland; 3. Trumpet, Betsy Wyckel.

Hacks—1. Silver Dollar, Jenny Cory; 2. Silver Glen, Cynthia Wilkin; 3. Star, Nancy Townsend.

Pleasure horses—1. Monmouth Boy, Elizabeth Easley; 2. Trophy, Nancy Taylor; 3. Silver Dollar, Jenny Cory.

Thoroughbreds

Continued From Page One

gantly carved and their fleshy covering forms for them an envelope which, neither too lean nor too gross, completes the ultra-aristocratic and high-bred effect.

In my childhood Sir Edwin Landseer was considered the greatest of animal painters. In addition to his genius he was a great favorite of Queen Victoria, for whom he painted numerous pictures showing her, the royal children and their pet animals in very attractive guise. He was best known, however, through his paintings of deer and of dogs.

His depiction of "The Stag at Bay" and "The Monarch of the Glen" won him world-wide fame through the large steel engravings after them, which were of immense popularity. His paintings of dogs were equally popular, and presented almost every phase of canine character and adventure.

The most famous of these was called "The Old Shepherd's Chief Mourner."

It represented the interior of a highland cottage, in the center of which a large coffin rested. Across it the shawl, the crook and the cap of the dead man had been draped—and crouched beside it, his breast convulsively pressed against the garment, was a collie dog, the expression of unspeakable grief imprinted upon his head and face being so marvelously realistic that only a cynical observer could study it without the tears rising involuntarily to his eyes. A single ray of sunlight, striking through the little window of the cottage, fell athwart the coffin and illuminated the silent grief of the mourner.

Ruskin, then England's most famous art-critic, wrote an article upon this picture that eulogized its truth to nature, its perfection as a painting and its unique character as a work of art giving it a place apart among the masterpieces.

These things have all come back to me as I have studied the lovely head of Out-To-Sea—for it is almost a precise replica of the head of one of Landseer's paintings of a horse that, many years ago, was an object almost of worship to me as a boy.

In those days outline versions of Landseer's paintings of animals were used by drawing teachers as "copies" for their pupils—and great was my delight when my teacher allowed me to take this one above-described as my lesson for that week. What an infinity of loving pains I lavished upon the happy task!—trying with the minutest care to reproduce every slightest detail of the exquisite animal—and, in especial, to attain sheer exactitude in the rendering of that wonderful head!

Thanks, then, to little Miss Williams, to Miss LaCaille and to Out-To-Sea for having, through the pages of The Chronicle, reawakened once more some of the most cherished memories of my childhood.

Camden Activities

Continued from Page One

is enough formality to give the children some feeling and knowledge of hunting etiquette, which will prove useful to them, when actual hunting can be resumed.

As the colony of horse enthusiasts in Camden this year includes Harry Kirkover, the genial host of the Carolina Cup Races, the two former Masters of the Camden Hunt, Mrs.

Dwight Partridge and Mrs. David Williams, and the latter's enthusiastic family, the Charles DuBoses, the Burly Cocks, the Tom Wallers, the Ray Woolfes, Mrs. Dionne Kerr, Jim Ryan, Lt. Commander Heath, Rodney Jarvis, the Grainger Gaithers, Mrs. Joseph Sheffield, better known to the horse world as Polly Potter—one can readily see that it is not a difficult task to select a capable leader.

Camden has long been considered an important winter base for the steeplechase colony, and an added asset of these larking parties. Is the fact, that they give the steeplechase trainers an opportunity to school their green horses in company.

Two simple horse shows are being scheduled for later in the winter, one for the 22nd of February, and the other for a date to coincide with the spring vacation of the various schools. These shows will be most informal with emphasis on driving classes, hack classes and events for the children. If the number of horses and buggies one encounters about the town is indicative of the number of entries for the driving class, it should certainly be the largest event. Its many sand roads have stood Camden in good stead during these days of gas rationing and carts of all vintages have been pulled out.

The Mile Track, owned by Mrs. Marion duPont Scott, is in its usual good condition this season. Ray Woolfe, who has a defense job at Shaw Field is also managing the track, and has in addition to his own horses, the horses trained by Jim Ryan, Tom Waller and William Hunt, wintering there. At Mr. Kirkover's Springdale course are the string trained by Monk Mergler, and the 'chasers in charge of Burly Cocks.

So, taking it by and large, Camden, is endeavoring to keep things going on a limited basis, so that it will be a comparatively simple matter to pick up the threads and go back to the former schedule of horse activities, when this war is won and our thoughts and energies can again turn to sports.—W. K. W.

'Chasing In Canada

Continued From Page One

Col. Marshall has two 6-year-olds, which schooled all fall at Woodbine. Royal Heels is by Royal Monarch, and Gadabout is by *Tourist II.

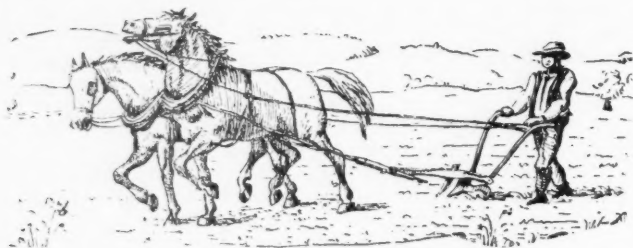
Col. Nellis of Oakville, besides the seasoned steeplechaser, Danny Deever, has a 4-year-old, Gyntaf, by Osiris, and James Lauder has the 4-year old Gin & It, by Sierra Nevada.

Jack McNamara, besides his good horse Chinese Red, has several green ones. Sturdy Willow, by Good Advice, started once or twice last year over hurdles and Golden Rue started once. Plaid Socks started to school this fall and is coming along well.

Mrs. Churchill Mann has a big 4-year-old she acquired from Hugh Wilson and so he must be a good jumper as Mr. Wilson has had him since a 2-year-old and many of your readers must remember some of the good jumpers Mr. Wilson has made, such horses as Shot and Indian Arrow when he was manager of H. C. Cox's stable which was all before my time but I have heard many colorful stories about them. He also had the well known jumper Tipperary and was then one of the greatest riders on the continent.

As the season approaches and more news of steeplechasers comes to hand, I will keep The Chronicle posted.

FARMING in WAR TIME



Farnley To Sell Three Shorthorns At Memphis

In keeping with the growing demand for naturally hornless cattle in the South, the fifth annual Polled Shorthorn Congress show and sale will be held in Memphis, Tenn., February 2-3.

Clarke County, Virginia will be represented by three from the herd of Farnley Farm, owned by A. Mackay Smith of White Post, who is among 30 leading breeders from 11 states consigning 98 head of the best of the breed.

Requirements were rigid in order that only the finest group of Polled Shorthorns would be offered in this national event, but it was scarcely necessary as the show-sale is now the only form of competition by which nationally known herds can maintain prestige, and thus it is that breeders automatically consign only their best.

Animals from Farnley Farm have been nominated to this event for the last two years. Youngsters in the Farnley herd carry the bluest of blue blood of the breed, being sired by an International grand champion and a son of an International grand champion.

Farmers Can Save By Shopping For Credit

When you look at the records and accounts of the most successful farmers, you find that those men usually pay cash for the things they buy, rather than ask for credit, and when they do need more money than they have in pocket, they arrange for bank loans on a business-like basis. Such are the observations of men who specialize in farm finance.

Since many farmers do need credit in one form or another to tide them over until products are marketed, the specialists advise that he give some thought to ways of reducing his credit costs. They recommend that farmers take time out to estimate their needs for the year—month by month—and then estimate how much money they will take in each month.

From such a record the farmer can see just when he will have to borrow money and when he can pay back

the loan. He can take his record to a bank or other agency that makes a business of selling credit and arrange for a year's supply of money in advance and, very likely, at reasonable rates. He can even do some shopping around, if he has a clear-cut statement of his needs and his worth.

The farmer who is careless about how much credit he is buying and how much he is paying for it, is usually the one who finds it difficult to make both ends meet. The one who keeps records and knows just what he is doing has a better chance of coming out ahead.

To help farmers keep the kind of business records they need, free booklets may be obtained from county farm demonstration agents, who can explain their use and show farmers how to improve their business methods.

Laying Hen Like War Production Machine

If you think of a hen as a little machine for war production, you'll see that your birds are fed properly and well-protected from the weather.

Just as you would take special care of a machine so that it would run efficiently you will see that laying hens get the best food. Hens are primarily grain eaters and they like best corn, wheat and oats.

All scratch grain should be fed in a dry, clean litter from 6 to 14 inches deep. Feeding should be done, according to the appetite of the birds. In the morning grain should be fed in the litter—from one and one-half to two quarts per 100 hens. No grain should be found in the litter at noon. Then, the hens should be given all the grain they will eat before going to roost at night.

Laying mash, which should consist of corn, wheat, oats, soybean meal, and meat scrap—if you can get it, should be kept in a dry mash hopper at all times. Hoppers should be about 18 inches off the floor and set up on legs. In your feeding program don't omit oyster shell and grit as well as a green feed.

Protecting the birds from the weather is just as sensible as protecting machine from moisture and

dust. Hens must be housed in buildings that are clean, dry, light, well-ventilated and free from drafts if you want healthy birds for efficient egg production.

Like good machines when they're well run, these birds which are properly fed and housed will produce a maximum number of eggs—and that's what every poultryman wants.

Great Britain Notes

Continued from Page Nine

free use of cars. All this may be rather like creating obstacles to post-war racing getting on to its feet, but the obstacles will almost certainly be there.

Fortunately quite a number of trainers are also farmers so that the forage question does not worry them so much as others. Nevertheless even these were accustomed in happier days, to buy Scotch oats and a lot of better hay than they could grow, together with straw immune from thistles. I nowhere saw horses that were not looking in wonderfully good condition without "the best that money could buy". It was my old friend the late Bob Robson who used to say he would feed the horses he had in training on golden sovereigns if they would eat them and if this would make them win races.

The unusually short supply of lemons—which most homemakers already know about—seems to be due to the unfavorable weather in California last year and increased demands during last winter. Producers just haven't been able to keep up with market demands since.

Farmers are using prisoners of war for general farm work in areas where war prisoners camps are located. The prisoners are proving reasonably satisfactory and are supplying labor to do jobs that would not otherwise be done.

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A Lovely Pack

Continued from Page Six

between 'em; but they'll make a great trio. I shall look forward to that Puppy Show a lot. Well—I think we've got that pretty well settled. I'll come down and see 'em tomorrow afternoon—or, on second thoughts, you might bring 'em up here when you walk out. I always think you can see hounds better on the grass than in a kennel yard—that is, when you're looking at them for the first time as a pack—yes, bring 'em up here and then Mrs. Meredith and I will walk back to the kennels with you and have a look at them in the yards—you know, Mrs. Meredith is just as keen about hounds as I am."

And so it happened that, the next afternoon after luncheon, when Jack and Alice were sitting in the sun on the porch in front of the house, they heard the crack of a whip and the rate of a Whipper-in as he barked a warning to a young hound who made a dash at one of the peacocks on the lawn. "Ware wing, Daffodil! Ware Ware wing!" and a minute later some 40 couples of hounds appeared over a little rise of ground, as they came up through the Park.

Jack turned to his wife, "Uncle Herbert always had the pack walked up here on Sunday afternoons," he said. "It's rather a nice custom, don't you think? We'll continue it if you don't mind."

"Of course I don't mind," said the girl, "I love it. You told me all about this, years ago, when I first met you in America."

It was the first time that Jack had seen the Northwold Hounds for five years, and looking them over as they clustered around their Huntsman, he was struck with their levelness in make and shape. To quote England's Poet Laureate,

"They were a lovely pack for looks; Their forelegs drumstick'd without crooks, "Straight, without overtread or bend, "Muscl'd to gallop to the end, "With neat feet round as any cat's. "Great chested, muscl'd in the slats, "Bright, clean, short-coated, broad in shoulder, "With stag-like eyes that seemed to smoulder. "The heads well-cocked, the clean necks strong; "Brows broad, ears close, the muzzles long; "And all like racers in the thighs; "Their noses exquisitely wise, "Their minds being memories of smells; "Their voices like a ring of bells; "Their sterns all spirit, cock and feather; "Their colours like the English weather, "Magpie and hare, and badger-pye, "Like minglings in a double dye,

"Some smutty-nosed, some 'tan, none balk; "Their manners were to come when called, "Their flesh was sinew knit to bone, "Their courage like a banner blown. "Their joy, to push him out of cover. "And hunt him till they rolled him over."

The young hounds, easily distinguishable from the entered lot, by their unrounded ears, looked fully up to the standard of the pack.

"They're a nice lot, Will," said the Master, "and you've got them in beautiful condition. Move them for me, will you?"

The Huntsman took a bit of biscuit from his pocket and threw it as far as he could, and Jack was struck with the quickness and ease of motion of the individuals who went scampering after it. He then put them through all their paces—as only a Huntsman can—and when he had finished and brought them back to where Alice and Jack stood watching them, the Master spoke again. "They're a better lot than when I saw them five years ago, Will," he said. "More quality, more alertness, quicker in their movements in every way; and you've not lost their substance, nor their legs and feet. It's very easy to see that they've been wisely bred. If they're half as good in their work as they are in their looks, you've got a great pack of hounds. I looked over the pedigree books last night very carefully, and I must say that I was astonished to find that, in the last four or five years, Sir Herbert has bred to stallion hounds which he would have avoided like the plague, five years ago. From what I had heard, I had gathered that both he and you disliked the introduction of any Welsh blood into the pack; but I found that some of the outside sires to which you have sent hitches traced back to the very best of Sir Edward Currie's blood; which, of course, has a very considerable strain of Welsh running through it. That's where you get those wonderful backs and loins, and as for the occasional preponderance of white in your hounds, that's equally enough bred out—if you mind it."

"I don't, Sir," said the Huntsman. "I like a few light-coloured hounds in my pack—many's the run they've made for me at the end of a long day, when the light was fading and they were the only hounds that I could see in the distance." "What do you think of them, Alice?" said Meredith to the girl, who had stood by saying nothing. "This is Mrs. Meredith, Fowler," he added. "She's no mean judge of a hound."


Alice smiled. "I think," she said, "they're the loveliest pack of hounds I've ever seen, and I can hardly wait for the day when I'm on a horse and Will blows 'em away for the first time. I congratulate you, Will," she continued, "They're a 'pack of

hounds'."

The Huntsman took off his hat. "Thank you, Madam," he said, "That is the greatest compliment you could pay me. And now, Sir," he went on, "will you and Madam come back to the kennels and look over the Young Entry in the yard?"

Veteran Hialeah Timer

The veteran Charles Hughes has timed every race at Hialeah since the track opened January 25, 1925. Hughes, well over the 90 mark in years, trained the 1902 Kentucky Derby winner, Alan-A-Pale.



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Thoroughbred Horses
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Both Field and Show Ring Hunters
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Have suitable men to board, school and show hunters
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MONEY- All you need to loan on
Farm Mortgages and other Real Estate Loans
THE LOUDOUN NATIONAL BANK
LEESBURG, VA.

In The Country:-



Visitors

The Chronicle office in Berryville had three visitors on Wednesday when Major Robert L. Leach, Jr., Major Robert J. Au and Lt. Eulogio Consiglieri stopped by. Majors Leach and Au have just returned from Camden, South Carolina after a tour to look for stallions for the Remount and inspections of stallion agents through the Carolinas. Needless to say, they reported the weather in that part of the U. S. preferable to that which Virginia is issuing at this point. Lt. Consiglieri, of Peru, recently completed the veterinarian course at Colorado State and is currently stationed at the Front Royal Depot, Front Royal, Virginia.

Plastic Horseshoes

The village smithy and his flaming forge may become a thing of the past if the invention of Gordon Alexander Allan Kind, Kew, England, proves of practical use. This new shoe of plastic has been designed to eliminate the general objections to steel shoes, such as weight, lack of elasticity and resiliency and their tendency to become slippery. The shoe contains a large percentage of rubber through which are dispersed vegetable and animal fibers and fillers to increase the shoe's gripping powers. The design is especially for horses' hooves and no heat is required in its application. As the hoof grows, the shoe will expand and as the nail holes do not extend entirely through, a firmer grip is established when the shoe is nailed on. . . . The above is taken from a clipping in Popular Science and was noticed after a discussion about the High Point Welding Company, 202 W. James Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Through Barium weld, they fix a horse's shoes supposedly so they don't slip and no danger of caulking themselves in the stall, etc.

Colonel Kirkpatrick

After serving with a splendid record in the Burma-India-China theater, Richard J. Kirkpatrick, formerly of Warrenton, Virginia, has been promoted to the rank of Colonel. Col. Kirkpatrick and Capt. Gerald B.

Webb, Jr., have written many interesting letters about their experiences in China and India and with Gerry on his way home, many a round table discussion will be around his accounts.

Blue Eagle Sold

John Vass and Charles Garizone of Syracuse, New York added another open jumper to their stable when they purchased **Blue Eagle** from Jim Wiley, Upperville, Virginia. Already at their stable is **Panama**, which was purchased from Dan Conway, Lt. (j. g.). During the past show season, **Panama** won 21 blues, 8 seconds, 4 thirds and 1 fourth in 6 shows, never being unplaced. The new sales stable combination also purchased a filly by **Repuise** from Harry Furr, Aldie, Virginia.

Needed A Vet

George Carter, who runs the Cavalry Riding Academy at Shaker Heights, Ohio, came a cropper on the 22nd of this month when he slipped down. **Result**—a broken leg. He, no doubt, will have to watch the coming schooling show at the academy from the sidelines.

At Horse Show

A familiar figure to all horse show goers is Mrs. Simon Patterson who was seen at the recent Pittsburgh horse show. When **Prince H** and **Thunder Crash** were in the paddock, Mrs. Patterson was always near. This time she was among the spectators as her young nephews, William Flinn Lawrence and John Frederic Lawrence were showing their ponies in the children's classes.

Back At Fort Robinson

Pvt. Shirley Payne, former show ring rider before entering the service, has returned to Fort Robinson, Nebraska after a 15-day leave. Shirley and his wife were in Berryville with Shirley slipping over to Middleburg to give a hand with schooling some colts.

ENGLAND

Notes from The Tatler and Bystander December 20, 1944

At Newmarket December sales, Lady Bullough's 2-yr.-old filly, **Carpatia**, was sold to Mrs. Florence Nagle for the record price of 15,000 guineas! Lord Milford paid 10,500 guineas for the broodmare, **Exhibitionist**, and another broodmare, **Rossington**, was sold by the Phantom Stud for 7,000 guineas.

The above amounts to about 162,500 in our dollars. Think that over in connection with our lend lease.

AROUND MIDDLEBURG

The Kent Millers Have Found!

At last the Kent Millers have located quarters where they can keep the horses and children at the same place. They move in about a week to a renovated and very up-to-date cabin on the Huntington Harris Cat-tail Farm, Leesburg.

In This Weather

Turner Wiltshire sold a horse! From Mt. Clair, New Jersey, Paul Torek came looking for a horse over the icy roads around Middleburg. On Wednesday, January the 24th he saw a 6-year-old chestnut gelding at Turner's and watched him school. **Royal John**, by Son of John—**Royal Sadie** schooled well.

Back Home Again

Henry Bowyer and his horses are back in Middleburg from New Orleans, none of them liking the climate.

Ship Tiger Call North

Louisiana Farm's 3-year-old **Tiger Call**—winner over the Florida quarter-horse champion, **Joe Palooka**, in a much-publicized match race last month—has been shipped from Hialeah Race Course to the farm at Lexington, Kentucky.

Classified Ads

WANTED

WANTED—Competent man to take full management of large Virginia farm. Must have business and executive ability as well as complete farming knowledge and experience. Permanent position and good salary for the right man. **Box HB, The Chronicle, Berryville, Va. 1-12-76-c**

WANTED—Couple, white or colored. Man to care for 4 hunters and assist with farm work. Wife to cook and do general housework. Located in Ohio. Auto furnished if necessary. \$175 per month. Fine servant quarters and meals furnished. References required. **Box MZ, The Chronicle, Berryville, Va. 1-26-24-c**

WANTED—Working farm manager for a small Thoroughbred breeding establishment. Applicant must thoroughly understand care of mares and foals, stallion and show hunters—also experienced in farm operation. Only someone with interest at heart and good references need apply. Interview in New York or Virginia. **Write Box 910, Warrenton, Va., or Phone 555-J. 1-26-24-c**

WANTED—Couple. Attractive home in Pa. hunt country. Man do boots, breeches, gardening, butler; wife do cooking, downstairs work. Write references. **Mrs. John B. Hannum III, Unionville, Chester Co., Pa. 2-2-44**

WANTED—Three horse van—would buy only to fit a 160" Cab. and Chassis. **Write or Phone 2-1343, J. D. McKinnon, Hillcrest Rd., Elmira, New York. 11-c**

WANTED—Couple, white or colored, on small place. Woman to do housework. Man to help care for riding horses and few outside chores. Number in family. Long Island references. **Box ECR, The Chronicle, Berryville, Va. 1-26-44**

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Top conformation show hunter. Thoroughbred, ch. g., 8 yrs., 16. Sound, quiet. Has won many blues in past 2 years in Virginia and Maryland. **Mrs. J. W. Edel, Ellicott City, Maryland, Phone 393. 1-26-24**

FOR SALE—Hunter, 4-yr.-old, 3-4 bred, 16 hands. Hunted this season by a lady. Nice manners. Excellent jumper. \$400. **Mrs. William C. Hancock, 4700 Rolfe Rd., Richmond, Va. 1-26-24-c**

FOR SALE—Grey gelding, 15.3, quiet and excellent jumper. Hunted by a lady for 4 seasons. Price \$350. Also child's pony. Inquire **Henry Bowyer, Middleburg, Va. Tel. 7-F-5. 2-2-24-c**

A Hunting Box

If you are in the market for a farm of 150 acres in the Middleburg Country **DO NOT DALLY**

For photos of the home and stables, promptly contact

Fred W. Sharp

P. O. The Plains, Va.
Tel. Middleburg 22

FOR SALE—Top Irish heavyweight hunter. Seventeen hands; sound, quiet, perfectly mannered. Has hunted 4 years with recognized hunts. Has won strip, working and hunter hack classes. May be seen and tried at Manhasset, L. I. **William J. K. O'Brien, 106 W. 8th Street, Bayonne 3-3066. 1-26-24-p**

FOR SALE—Thoroughbred ch. g., 9 yrs. old, 16 hands, by **St. Bridcaux—Hoity-toity**. Quiet with hounds and hunting sound. Reasonably priced but must have a good home. **Write Emily Skinner, Box 452, Wilmington, North Carolina. 1-26-24-c**

FOR SALE—**Sir Herbert Jr.**, top 5-yr.-old Thoroughbred, chestnut stallion, 16.2, by **Sir Herbert Barker—Our Diana by Diavolo**. Has won races in Maryland and Virginia, has unusual disposition, could be handled by child, \$1,000. Also 5-yr.-old chestnut, Thoroughbred filly, 15.3, by **Grandace—Lady Glencoe**, excellent light hunter prospect, \$400. **Joseph Luongo, 39 Bulkeley Ave. Hartford, Conn. 11-pd**

FOR SALE—Broodmare, bay, 16.2, 9 years old, Thoroughbred by **Ladkin**. A winner herself. Quiet, has been hunted one season. Price \$500. **Call Silver Spring, Md. 0106 between 9 a. m. and 5 P. M. 2-2-34-c**

MISCELLANEOUS

FOR RENT—Unfurnished. The main dwelling of Twin Oaks Stud will be available for rent July 1, 1945, for one year. Four bed rooms, two baths. Servants cottage, garage, stables, garden and a certain amount of blue grass pasture included. Also cooking stove and large electric refrigerator. House on hill in grove of large oaks commanding extensive view of Cedar Run Valley. Center of Warrenton Hunt. Adjacent to four other packs. Three and one-half mile from cultural center of Warrenton, where still exists old Fauquier Club and excellent state operated liquor dispensary. \$100 per month with preference given to sporting female (or male) or family. **Correspond direct G. Green Carter, Agent, Warrenton, Va. Colonel Richard J. Kirkpatrick, Owner, China Theater. 2-2-24-c**

HORSEMAN—Cavalry Schools graduated with various experience in teaching riding, modern jumping, hunting, schooling horses and management wishes suitable position with School, Hunt or Riding club, private show stable. **P. O. Box 35, Mayfield Heights, Ohio. 2-2-44**

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'Burrland Farm'

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Devoted exclusively to horse breeding, raising, and training, with its various barns especially equipped for housing Thoroughbreds; its three-quarter mile regulation track; its one-eighth mile indoor exercise track; **Burrland Farm**, for type, size, and price, has no superior.

For complete details, photographs, etc, phone or write

Arthur Gartrell
Middleburg, Virginia

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